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The Bystander

Dorothy Wilding

Good-bye to Gertrude Lawrence

Gertrude Lawrence left England last week on that theatrical troopship, the Queen Mary, which steamed away with a load of English stars for America, Evelyn Laye and Beatrice Lillie among them. Miss Lawrence is going to decorate the New York autumn season by appearing in a play called *Susan and God*, which Rachel Crothers has written for her. Later on she may go to Hollywood. So at least six months must lengthen the gap between her last appearance here—in Noel Coward's *To-night at 8.30* series—and her next; it 's a sad loss for London

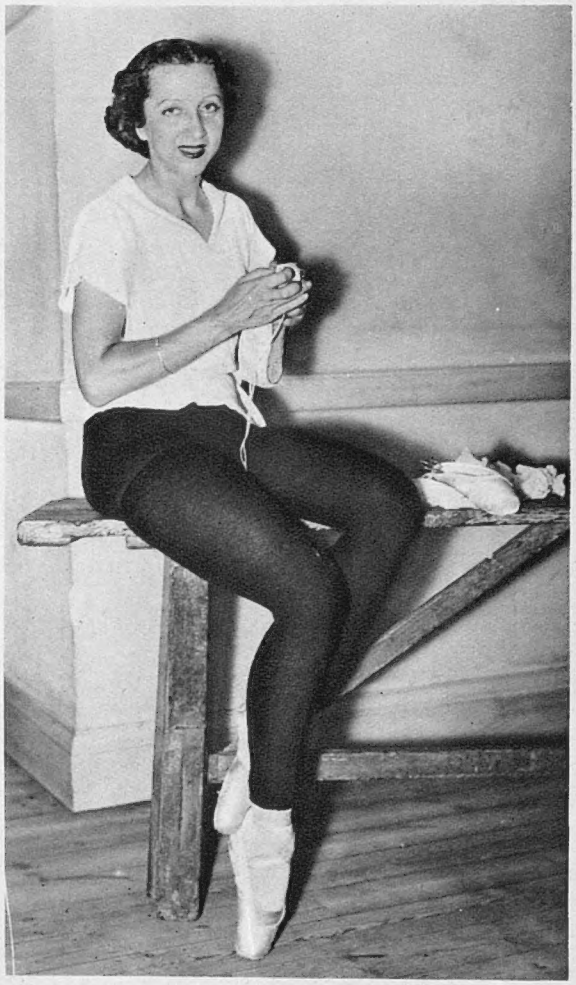
Leslie Howard and His Daughter

Leslie Howard and Leslie Howard arrived in England in the Queen Mary. Miss Howard is almost as like her father in looks as she is in name

René Clair and Adèle Astaire

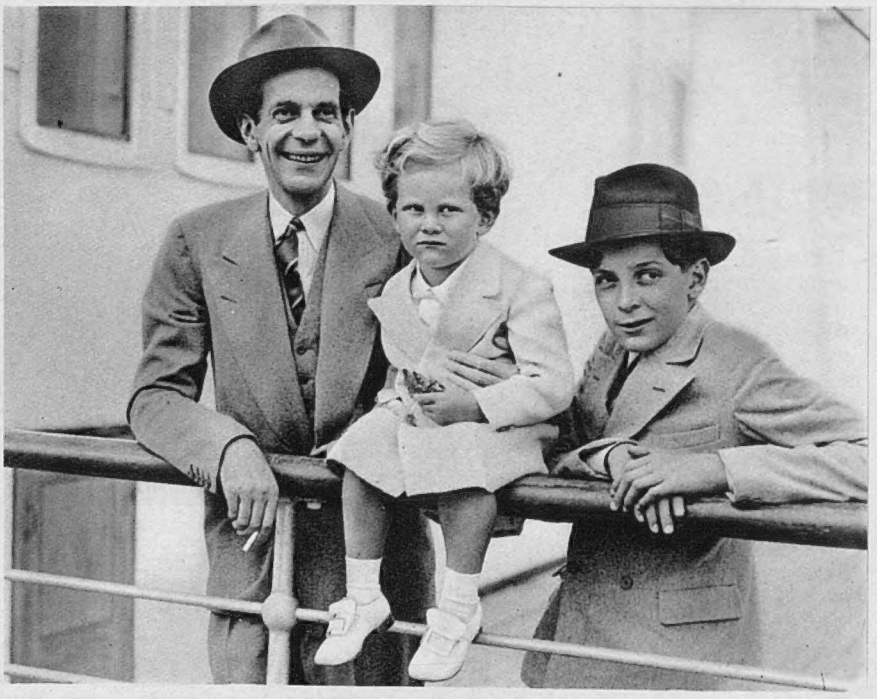
René Clair is directing the film in which Adèle Astaire is making her first screen appearance, with Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan as her co-stars. Here they are going over the script together at Pinewood. It's five years since Adèle Astaire married Lord Charles Cavendish and retired from the stage

Stage Without Footlights



Alexandra Danilova

At Covent Garden, Danilova and the rest of the de Basil company spent last week rehearsing for their autumn season which started on Monday. Ballet-shoe repairing is an endless part of the back-stage routine



Raymond Massey and His Sons

Raymond Massey was part of the Queen Mary's incoming cargo of stars from America on her last trip. His two sons, Daniel and Jeffery, took an over-the-rail view of Southampton with him

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE firmness and dignity of the British Note to Tokio won universal approval in this country. The folly of the Japanese aviators, and the wildly uncivilised policy of the Japanese high command have alienated the sympathy even of the pro-Japanese folk in Britain. Five years ago these folk were shrill and vehement in their propaganda on behalf of the Rising Sun. But even they have been disgusted and alarmed by these new acts of aggression.

MOSCOW has signed a non-aggression pact with Nanking, and Japan is naturally expected to regard it with suspicion. The Soviet has a way of pushing forward in China by quieter and subtler means than those employed by Japan, and has penetrated a long way under the surface. This pact is the first open act of Soviet diplomacy in the troubled waters of the Far East, and its appearance at this critical moment is bound to cause serious misgivings among the few moderately sensible Japanese who seem to be left in Tokio.

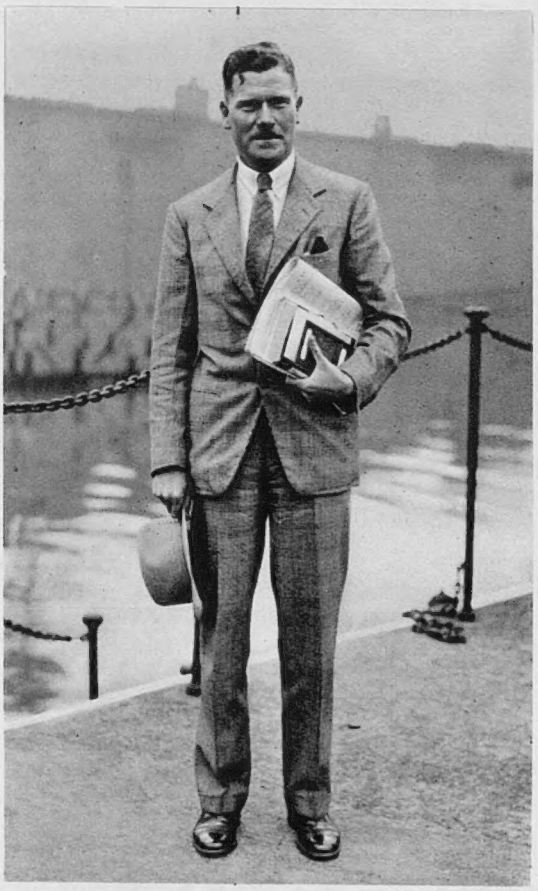
THE world-famous " logical mind " of the French people seems to have revolted against Signor Mussolini's telegram of congratulation to General Franco on the capture of Santander while the Italian representative was sitting at the Non-Intervention Committee in London. This, and the admission in Italy that twelve generals on the active list of the Italian Army are serving in Spain, have been the last two straws, and France is raising them both in the Committee. Meanwhile, the anonymous pirates last week sank a Russian steamer en route from Cardiff to Port Said on the high seas off Algiers, a British tanker, Woodford (with a British non-intervention observer on board), between Barcelona and Valencia, and a Russian steamer, Molakieff, off the island of Skyros.

IMMEDIATELY after the sinking of the first Russian steamer, a torpedo attack was made upon a British destroyer. The latter dropped depth charges without apparent result, and so the incident is closed without damage to anyone or anything except international law and humanity. But if the present state of piracy continues, sooner or later one of the pirate craft will be caught, and then a situation may arise—according to the nationality of the pirate—which may easily be as dangerous as Serajevo. Suppose a German warship is attacked by a vessel which is proved to be a Russian? What then? The situation would be almost as critical as if—a ridiculous and ludicrous idea—a British warship was attacked by an Italian. Luckily this second hypothesis would never arise, as the Italians are incapable of such a breach of international decency.

THE " German Freedom Party " has just issued its twentieth manifesto to the German people, and the Gestapo is all hot and extremely bothered. This Freedom Party is a secret association of liberal-minded Germans who hate Nazism, Communism and war, and want a return to sanity in the Third Reich. The Secret Police are quite unable to discover where the Freedom Party meets, who its members are, and where the manifestoes are printed. It is an interesting commentary on the state of opinion in Germany at present that these manifestoes have a very wide circulation and are eagerly read.

A SCOTTISH magistrate has ruled at Bow Street that the bagpipes, when played in Regent Street, is a noisy instrument and has fined the piper. This, of course, is producing the usual hackneyed crop of Sassenach jokes. But there is a chance that it may also produce a useful result, if it drives those pipers off the streets altogether. Their " piping " is a travesty of a noble art and brings the Highlands into disrepute.

LOCAL magistrates in certain districts are making a great haul of money by fines from motorists who have disobeyed the " Halt. Major Road Ahead " sign. There is also in existence a " Slow. Major Road Ahead " sign, and it is difficult to justify the distinction between two sorts of major road. Why should one be a " Halt " road and why should the other be a " Slow "? How major has a road to be to get promoted from " Slow " to " Halt "? It is just



Journey to Shanghai

Mr. R. G. Howe was due to arrive at Hong Kong yesterday on his way to Shanghai to act as Chargé d'Affaires during the Ambassador's convalescence. Here, plus passport, book, and "Sunday Times," he was just off on his ten days' air journey

Mr. R. A. Butler, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, and his " master," Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister, were off to South Wales, to make one of Mr. Brown's series of visits to the divisional headquarters of his Department

Journey to South Wales

Mr. Hore-Belisha and a Pickaxe

The Minister for War, having a kind of recreational throw-back to his Transport days, was, in fact, at his home in Sussex. He allows himself one hour's holiday a day from his Army preoccupations, and spends it taking exercise in the garden

Sir Edmund Findlay and a Gun

Sir Edmund Findlay was shooting grouse with a neighbour, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, at Ballindalloch. His own place in Banffshire is Aberlour. He has been M.P. for that county since 1935, and is proprietor of the famous Scottish newspaper, the "Scotsman"

another example of the silly multiplication of road-signs. It is certain that motorists have grave responsibilities to the community—responsibilities which they do not always observe—but there is no sense in harrying them childishly.

LAST week I referred to the war-book of General Crozier, who was at that time lying dangerously ill, and I said that I hoped there would be no enquiry into the twenty-year-old allegations which that book contained. General Crozier has since died, and now, surely, the matter may be allowed to fade into oblivion. The General lacked the quality of subtlety, but he was a very brave man who fought gallantly for his country.

THE memorial to Cunninghame Graham has just been unveiled near Dumbarton. He was one of the greatest of contemporary Scotsmen, author, traveller, patriot, politician, horseman, champion of the underdog and possessor of the most beautiful manners imaginable. With Keir Hardie he helped to found the Labour Party; with Spanish-American gauchos he rode the pampas. In Scotland he was "the Laird," in South America he was Don Roberto. He was one of the most picturesque figures of our time.

IT is clear evidence of the alert up-to-dateness of the Army that it has been discovered that puttees are unsuitable for soldiers who are driving motor-lorries. I suppose that motor-lorries first made their appearance in the Army in about 1912 (and if I am wrong, I am sure that I will be most efficiently corrected by serried ranks of generals), and so only a quarter of a century has elapsed before this discovery has been made. On the other hand, as I motored last week through the Army manœuvres area near Saffron Walden, I saw plenty of evidence that spurs are still regarded as essential for mechanical progression. But one cannot expect to have everything at once, and sooner or later it will be noticed that the spurring of a motor-bicycle tyre does not produce increased speed.

BRITISH athletes are winding up a most successful season by a Scandinavian tour this week, in which Finland, Norway, and Sweden are being met. It is one of the athletic mysteries of the age why Finland, a small country of five or six millions, mostly fishermen, should have turned out that wonderful succession of long-distance runners. Hans Kohlemainen or Ritola, or any one of a dozen Finns, might have been regarded as the "greatest ever" if it had not been for the existence of the incredible Nurmi. Whatever is the statistical result of this tour, one thing is certain: there will be no "incidents."

SOME years ago there was a celebrated racehorse—though perhaps the word "race" is an exaggeration—called Tishy, who used to get her legs entangled up with each other and fall over at an early stage of the proceedings. In the same line of country there seems to be another animal nowadays called Strathcarron. This little-friend-of-all-the-bookies has a passionate dislike of the starting-gate, and finds life easier if he just hangs around and does not bother to start at all. Then once, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he started and won easily, and, in consequence, lined up in his next race as odds-on favourite. But the old repugnance to exercise returned, and once again Strathcarron stayed behind to nibble daisies, while the layers sang the Bookies' Te Deum.

"PATSY" HENDREN, the England and Middlesex cricketer, has played his last county match at Lord's (and he wound up in dramatic style with a century and a duck) and is retiring from the game. There has been no more popular cricketer since the days of George Hirst and they had a lot in common. Their short, stout figures were very much the same, and so were their indomitable temperaments, their good humour, and their fierce hook-stroke. Of the pre-war Test match heroes only Frank Woolley will be playing regular county cricket next year.

ANOTHER famous player of games who will never be seen again in a first-class match is Alex James, the Scottish and Arsenal soccer forward. James was perhaps the slowest footballer in modern football, and yet by common consent he was the most skilful. It was his personality and genius which made the Arsenal into the great draw which it is now, and although he rarely scored a goal, the little wizard was always the terror of the other side. Such men are rare in these days of standardisation.

IT is good news that Miss Cicely Courtneidge is coming back to the stage after five years' absence in films. Mr. Jack Hulbert, unfortunately for all of us, is only coming back part of the way. He is going to produce Miss Courtneidge's musical comedy, but is not going to act in it himself. It was a sad business when Mr. Hulbert gave up the stage.

Mr. Wells Asks for the Truth

And more important still, he asks that a true perspective of the world—in history, geography, and elementary science—should be substituted in education for "the criminal history of royalty" "an over-emphasised magnification of the history of Judea," and "lists of capes and rivers." Mr. Wells' presidential address to the Educational Science section of the British Association makes fascinating reading, and was listened to by the largest audience of the opening day at Nottingham. His own books, "The Outline of History" and "The Science of Life," would make very fine primers for the kind of education he envisages, in place of the old school books he (and most school children) would like to see burnt. Mr. Wells himself has a new book coming out next week, but not a school book—a modern novel called "Brynhild," after its heroine, the wife of an egotistical author

Promenade Queue

"At 6.30 p.m. all unoccupied chairs will be removed from the queue and the queue will be closed up. Places cannot be kept for those absent for tea, etc., after that time"

Mendelssohn Looks Benignly Down on the Campstool

Shirt-sleeved for rehearsal, pens and pencils decorating his waistcoat pocket, as a white carnation unfailingly decorates his evening buttonhole, Sir Henry Wood makes a musical point somewhere between the violas and the cymbals

Promenade Concert

Studies of Summer Music-Making in London

Except for the two rehearsal pictures, these photographs were taken on a Beethoven night, which means on Friday, and when the Queen's Hall is full to overflowing. Monday for Wagner, Friday for Beethoven is a traditional rule; Bach gets some Wednesdays, Handel shares some with him; Brahms suits, though not invariably, the serious romanticism of Thursday, an evening which has been given twice this year to Sibelius, a splendid innovation. Other new things this year are the Queen's Hall decoration, lighting, air-cooling system, and seating. The seats are now positively sumptuous, tip-up, plush, and worthy of a cinema. But it is the two-shilling standing room that matters at the Proms, and the enduring crowds who fill it from eight o'clock until half-past ten, with hardly a movement, scarcely a faint: living monuments to Sir Henry Wood's faith in London's music-lovers

Left: Paul Beard, leader of the B.B.C. Orchestra, rehearses minus coat, waistcoat and tie. On his left is Marie Wilson, who leads in his absence

Right: for the Promenade Season a delightful "confection" springs up in the middle of the Queen's Hall floor—a pool with a small fountain, large blocks of ice and much greenery, and seats all round it

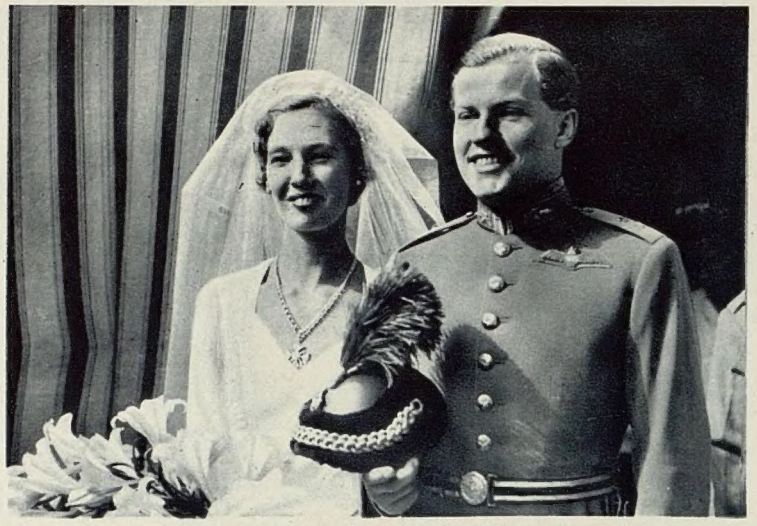
Sir Henry Wood calmly faces the expectant orchestra. Miss Ruth Naylor, head well up, hands lightly clasped, stands between the reflecting piano and the first violins. She was going to sing a Handel aria

Enthusiasts

Photographs by Hutten

The Beethoven Seventh in Full Swing, and the Promenade at Its Fullest

Social Register



Miss Cécile Rankin and Fl.-Lieut. Grandy

Fl.-Lieut. John Grandy, R.A.F., and Miss Cécile Rankin, younger daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, M.P., and the late Mrs. Rankin, of Broughton Tower, Broughton-in-Furness, were married last Wednesday at St. George's, Hanover Sq.

Lord and Lady Normanton

The Normantons had supper at Quaglino's among its new decorations. They were married a short time ago, after Lady Normanton's divorce from her first husband, Major O. L. Prior-Palmer. She is Baroness Zouche's only daughter

Left: Lady Reay was photographed at Langlee House, Galashiels, with her son, the Master of Reay, who is nearly two months old. Lady Reay was Charlotte Younger before her marriage last year

Below: Mr. Donald Ross of Cromarty, younger son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir Walter Charteris Ross and Lady Ross, married Ismay Lady Tiverton, at Cromarty Parish Church. She is the daughter of the late Lord Ninian Edward Crichton-Stuart, and her marriage with Lord Halsbury's heir was dissolved last year. The honeymoon is being spent in Orkney, whither they flew from Longman Airport at Inverness, when this picture was taken

Lady Anne Rhys and Her Daughter

Lady Anne Rhys and her daughter moved from the nursing home, where the baby was born last month, to their home in Norfolk Crescent last week, and now Lady Anne Rhys and her husband, Mr. David Rhys, have gone to Scotland. They have a son, Llewellyn Arthur, who is two this year

Mr. Ross and Ismay Lady Tiverton

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 36

M. Charles Paravicini

M. Charles Paravicini, who has represented Switzerland at the Court of St. James's since 1920, is the doyen of Ministers in London, having presented his credentials in February 1920, a few minutes before Baron Franckenstein. Not that this was his first visit to London. He was honorary attaché here in 1900 for four years, hunting and playing a lot of polo. From London he went to Rome and Paris, ultimately marrying his wife at St. Petersburg. He himself comes from Basle, and his wife from Berne, so they talk the old Alemannic language Schweizerdeutsch when they are alone. His family came from Italy at the time of the Reformation, being Huguenots.

M. Paravicini doesn't like yodelling much, though his wife adores it, but then, there is not much yodelling done at Basle. He is exceedingly well read, switches from French to German or Italian and back again almost unconsciously, and is a first-class sightseer.

He is fond of Swiss cooking, particularly rosti, benerplatte and bunderfleisch. On the whole, however, he thinks that nearly all food is too rich, and he is more fond of olives than anything else. Naturally, too, he likes glühwein and kirsch.

As a Minister he is exceedingly conscientious. It is almost a hobby of his to work on Bank Holidays. He is a good raconteur, and yet is genuinely fond of laughing at other people's jokes. An excellent psychologist, he was a great success when Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Switzerland during the war.

The Swiss Minister has Mephistophelian eyebrows, a very attractive voice, and an extraordinary memory for dates. He is fond of horse-racing; indeed, the only time he ever takes off from his duties is to go to Ascot, Newmarket and the Derby. He says that he is an incredibly bad golfer, but enjoys it. Tennis does not appeal to him. In recent years he has grown remarkably air-minded, and now likes to fly everywhere.

He has two very pretty daughters, certainly the most attractive sisters in the Corps Diplomatique, and a son, Vincent, who married Somerset Maugham's daughter.

His affection for music extends from the Russians to Handel by way of Mozart, Beethoven and Bach. He likes serious plays, but detests musical comedies on the screen. His eyeglass alternates with horn-rimmed spectacles. He uses an amber cigarette-holder, and it is largely thanks to him that this year Switzerland is once again attracting tourists in large numbers. It is not easy to make leather jackets glamorous, but M. Paravicini has succeeded.

Charles Graves

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Thelma Cazalet—a Board of Education Recruit

The announcement of Miss Thelma Cazalet's appointment as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Kenneth Lindsay came during the last Parliament, but she will not have needed to spend her vacation mugging up the subject of education; she is already an expert. Member of Parliament for East Islington since 1931, and its representative on the L.C.C. for six years before that, when she was on the education committee, she has a constituency which has an educational tradition: two of its former M.P.s were Mrs. Leah Manning and Dr. Ethel Bentham. Miss Cazalet is the first woman to hold a Parliamentary Private Secretaryship to a man, although Miss Wilkinson was Miss Susan Lawrence's P.P.S. in the last Labour Government. But Miss Cazalet is as much the equal, if not superior, of her masculine colleagues in smoking-rooms and lobbies as she is on the tennis lawn. She has the same flair for the game as her brother, the Member for Chippenham (he got a lawn tennis Blue, amongst others, and was four times amateur Squash champion). Thelma Cazalet's other recreations are golf (she often plays for the L.P.G.A.), skating and music

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONE item of the Government's 1937 naval programme has already proved a success. Two hundred girl Sea Rangers have just finished a week's training in the Implacable and the Foudroyant at Portsmouth, living under strict naval routine and learning intensive seamanship. The Admiralty has not yet intimated what ships the girls will now be posted to, but there is keen speculation in the Navy, a naval chap tells us, it having been bruited abroad that that Ivy Potter for one is rather an awful tease, full of fun and jokes, etc., though of course not a spiteful thing like Ruby Tidsworth, and *did* you hear what she said about Millicent Fothergill that day, my dear, *too* screaming !

All joking apart (to coin a phrase), the authorities have taken a step in the right direction (to coin another). The obvious next step is for the Admiralty to take over Roedean and turn it into the female equivalent of Dartmouth. Had this been done at the right time, we should have had at least one Old Roedean girl in command of every battleship during the late war, a thing leading naval experts like Malan had been demanding for years beforehand (*e.g.*, see his *Sea-Power and Trade Routes*, or *Elsie Butterworth's Quest* [1889], in which Elsie, on being posted to the flagship, is very hurt by the Admiral's continual sneering assertion, often accompanied by a push or a slap, that " girls know nothing about sea-power, and, indeed, should evince no curiosity concerning matters the knowledge of which may conceivably harm, if it does not utterly destroy, that modesty which is the fairest jewel of a female's crown.")

The question of posting Old Heathfield girls to ships of the more exclusive type may give the Admiralty some trouble, so much extra accommodation being required. By cutting the girls down to three maids and a hairdresser apiece it might be done, but it 's doubtful if any Old Heathfield girl would rough it under such conditions, Whitehall thinks.

Arcadia Perdita

AT the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford they 're having an exhibition at the moment of things dug up recently on the Bodleian extension site, showing what a jolly place Oxford used to be. Quantities of eighteenth-century glass wine decanters, bearing the stamp of many Oxford taverns, have been found. Also a large number of " Bellarmine jugs," which are round-bellied, narrow-necked beer-jugs fashioned at the top into a grinning caricature of the great Cardinal Robert Bellarmine (1542-1621), by way of a crushing retort to his world-famous writings in the time of James I. Also a bone pocket sun-dial, a handy device carried about by dons addicted to liquor, so that they could set their watches by it after dinner in Hall. Also a large number of fine fourteenth-century green-glazed pitchers and flagons, very few of which (don't tell Lady Astor) were made for holding water, milk, or orange-juice. Also what is said to be the tooth of a mammoth, but may yet turn out to be the bicuspid Pater lost after his celebrated fight with Ruskin over some question of æsthetics in the Broad one sunny spring morning in 1875.

" *My* dear — *I hear you 've got a* cold *!* "

If they haven't dug up any scent-flasks, patch-boxes, or pomade-pots belonging to the girls wealthy or titled seventeenth- and eighteenth-century students used to keep in Oxford during Term, it 's probably because these sweethearts were all of that economical type which packs up thoroughly when given the air, or a single ticket for the London coach. Their names were generally Kitty. Dons and Masters of Colleges meeting them arm-in-arm with their protectors affected not to see them and bowed very low to the young lord, their wigs almost sweeping the ground. Sometimes the girls went abroad on the Grand Tour with their protectors and were involved in fatal chaise accidents on the Mont Cenis. They certainly helped, with horse-breeders, boxers, fighting-cock owners, faro-bankers, and other merry professionals, to mitigate that cruel dryness of the Academic Life of which so many young men have complained from time to time throughout the ages, and modern Oxford (a chap was telling us only the other day) is pretty dull without them.

" *He 's got his back up again !* "

Tanner Touch

THE latest glittering slot-machine of the type supplying the London populace with cigarettes, sod. bicarb., chocolates, aspirin, and other hourly needs is of a more spiritual nature. We tried the first of the kind in Charing Cross Road the other day. It hands out those popular pink-and-white sixpenny reprints which are now a familiar feature of every bookstall. Citizens mad for a bit of good reading can soon rush out at any hour of the night and supply themselves, the

slot-machine carrying a sufficient assortment of current fiction and *belles-lettres*, each with its own knob; also, at the moment, some of the Plays of Shakespeare, over which a disturbing situation has arisen.

The situation is that citizens familiar with Shakespeare who are looking forward to curling up at bedtime with sixpennorth of *Romeo and Juliet* from the machine have discovered that the kindly Editor of this series has cut out several lines he deems unsuitable, though one of them was passed recently by the British Film Censor. These citizens are therefore asking who the devil Mr. A. J. J. Radcliff, M.A., and his publishers think they are, and who gave them the right to mutilate Shakespeare. We heard a silver-haired, scholarly, but battered citizen protesting about this in a Charing Cross Road pub the other night. He said it was typical, sir, typical. We said, "Typical of what?" and he said, flourishing his sixpenny selection, "Everything, sir, everything. An outrage on (hic) Letters, sir." His project was (a) to arouse the other citizens in the bar to action in Latin and English, both of which he spoke beautifully; (b) to smash up the pub, and (c) to set fire to England. The bouncer ejected him, however, before he had got beyond a shrill, choking cry of "Quousque . . . ?"

Next day we saw a letter on the same topic, protesting in terms of almost equal dignity and astonishment, in the *National Review*, so there is no doubt that slot-machine patrons are deeply moved.

Cops in Clover

CRACKS about Hendon Police College are worn about so threadbare nowadays that even B.B.C. comedians don't use them any more, so that if we mention that chaps graduating from Hendon into the Metropolitan Police are examined in Greek, Latin, French, German, chemistry, hydrostatics, biology, geometry, mathematics, modern history, and hygiene, with a "personality test" to follow, you won't think we think it comic. Nor does the average young policeman, apparently. He's getting nervous of examinations and ducking in some numbers, according to an authority. One hundred and seventy-eight young constables resigned last year, many of them to try for promotion in the provinces, where it's easier.

It seems a pity, but after all it's just as bad for the criminal classes, who are also complaining of having to spend half their time with their noses stuck in text-books, keeping abreast of modern science. Moreover, education in modern crime is tending to become absurdly pedantic. A young crook who comes down to-day without a degree and wishes to qualify for holding up City financiers, for example, is compelled by his superiors to take an examination in Old French, Middle English, Urdu, thermo-dynamics, medical jurisprudence, bimetallism, ballistics, palæontology, harmony and counterpoint, genetics, Roman History, economics, conveyancing, botany, obstetrics, and Japanese Art; whereas all he requires in practice is a little rubber club, 8 inches by 2, with which to bop the financier on the snoot. "We aim," say educationists who defend the system, "to make an all-round crook, not merely a machine for amassing illicit dough." There's a lot of grumbling.

"Any previous acting experience, Mr. Hamm?"

Fun in Arcadia

HAVING bought and considerably improved a cottage five years ago in what was a sleepy, secluded village on the South Coast, a friend of ours is now enjoying every benefit of Progress in his rural retreat, including the unending howl, day and night, of radios from the hideous little bungalows which have sprung up all round him in tight-packed rows, the unceasing roar of aeroplanes overhead—some military, some civil, some advertising films and toffee—the perpetual grind and hoot of motor-traffic outside his garden wall, and, as a grand climax and finale, the welcome shriek and rattle of the electric road-breaking drill, somebody having recently presented the local Council with a set, to their unfeigned delight. Add to this the fact that half a street of raw, shiny new shops and a cinema, looking like something broken off Golders Green, have taken the place of a couple of mellow old thatched cottages and a patch of undefiled green, and you can judge how glad this chap is that he bought that cottage, on which he has spent a great deal of money.

He enjoys the road-breaking most, and the authorities do their best to give him pleasure. The procedure is first that a stretch of road is dug up and relaid with a hard metalled surface. Then the Post Office comes along and digs it up again to lay cables. It is then relaid, and in due course the gas, water, electric light and other companies take their turn one at a time at digging up and relaying; so that there's hardly a day in which the drills are silent, or the roadside free from piles of pipes and stacks of road-metal and sheds and manhole-covers and what have you. For all this pleasure he, of course, has to pay, as a rate- and taxpayer. He says it's great fun.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Beach Suit and Sea Suit

Miss Janette Fuqua had on a romper suit checked in five colours and girdled by a pigskin belt with golf ball attached; Miss Tilla Harvey wore a smooth white maillot. Janette Fuqua is the daughter of Colonel Fuqua, the U.S. Military Attaché at Madrid, now Chargé d'Affaires at Valencia

At Biarritz

Refugees from Europe's Capitals

Young-Marrieds

Mr. and Mrs. Ninian Campbell-Johnstone are young-marrieds who have a villa near Bayonne and an out-and-out modernistic flat in London

Right: Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes was wearing a pair of fisherman's trousers she bought in Capri; Mrs. "Bunker" Vincent had on spotted rompers. They are both leading hostesses in Biarritz

Below: Mme. Alberto Sanchez-Cires, of the embossed belt and masculine slacks, is Bolivian, the youngest sister of Mme. Davila de Pena. Jacques de la Beraudière, who was over here for the Coronation, when he dined with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, comes from Paris

Biarritz Names

Mme. Sanchez-Cires and Comte de la Beraudière

Miss O'Malley-Keyes, Miss Eyre, Mrs. Rubin

These three lovelies were photographed outside the cabaña. Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes is the eldest daughter of Biarritz's reigning house; Nell Eyre is from Ireland and was staying with her cousin, the Marquesa de Portago; Mrs. Bernard Rubin, who was Audrey Simpson, had come on from Cannes

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Time and the Conways" (Duchess)

MR. PRIESTLEY'S new play is a reversion to his earlier and better style, the style of *Eden End*, which means that it has been strongly influenced by Tchekov. It opens with a provincial family, the Conways, acting charades at a twenty-first birthday-party. Before the curtain has been up five minutes, we think of the party in *The Cherry Orchard*. Before it has been up ten minutes, the daughters of the house are yearning to go to London. We think of Moscow and *The Three Sisters*. Mrs. Conway is a vain and foolish mother, who likes to show off when she is past it by dressing-up in Spanish costume and singing songs. Her husband was drowned. She lets her finances run to seed. She recalls the vain and foolish Mme. Ranevsky, who was once an actress, whose husband drank himself to death, and whose estate went to wrack and ruin. The household of the Conways is invaded by a hard-headed business man of inferior birth who falls in love with one of them, turns up uninvited at the party, rises to riches, and refuses to help the family when he could get them out of their financial troubles by lifting a little finger. Here, surely, is Lopakhin. And here are not only hopes unfulfilled and ideals unrealised, but an acute consciousness of the failure of their own lives actually expressed by the characters in words. Which might be thought a good deal more Russian than English.

Stupid and selfish old woman: Barbara Everest

ACTS One and Two of this play show us what time does to the Conways in twenty years. Money is not the only trouble. The marriage that was to have brought love brings disappointment. The career that was to have been literary becomes journalistic. The political endeavours that were to have brought about a new world look like ending in a new war. Death lays its hand on youth. Old age that looked for comfort finds ingratitude. Mr. Priestley is more definite and orderly, which means less suggestive and true to life, than Tchekov. The accounts in *Time and the Conways* are something too deliberately balanced. When the family that has been so united in Act I. becomes so antagonistic in Act II., we feel the symmetry to be strained. But Mr. Priestley has a feeling for people. His work has warmth and resource. This play is well-rooted, even if it flowers at times rather disappointingly. The third act, which continues the action of the first and, after we have seen the failure of the Conways, shows them to us hopeful and expectant again, is only partially effective, being poignancy too long drawn out. But the whole commands respect.

Its weakest part is the time-theory, rather laboursomely introduced as a sop of comfort. The past, Mr. Priestley urges, still exists as much as the station we left when we started our railway journey. Granted, it still exists. But *we* aren't there, and can't be. That is the trouble. We aren't sorry for the past, but for ourselves.

AFTER an uncertain start, the acting at the Duchess becomes, in some cases, very good indeed. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, bitterly resigned, and Miss Molly Rankin, gritting her teeth in self-imposed blinkers, are the best of the Conways. Mr. Mervyn Johns, as the self-made man who won't help them, opens our eyes again to his unusual and still underestimated talents. And it won't be least due to the intelligent and sensitive production of Miss Irene Hentschel.

Sketches by Rouson

Sob-sister's fortieth birthday: Jean Forbes-Robertson

Little man in love: Mervyn Johns

Brothers and rivals: the flying corps (Alexander Archdale) and the Town Hall (Raymond Huntley)

Anthony

Peggy Ashcroft—Queen to Gielgud's Richard II.

Peggy Ashcroft's appearance in John Gielgud's company as the Queen in *Richard II.*, which had its first night on Monday, after Saturday's public dress rehearsal, is her first since her visit to America. She will subsequently be seen as Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* and one of *The Three Sisters*. In the States she played in Maxwell Anderson's *High Tor*, and was opposite Burgess Meredith. She and Gielgud had a chance to discuss their repertory season then, for he was over there playing *Hamlet*. But that was last year, and Miss Ashcroft has been back in Europe some time, took a holiday in Austria (where, perhaps, she got that dress), but had to come back for rehearsals before Salzburg's festival began. In private life she is Mme. Theodore Komisarjevsky, but the marriage is in process of dissolution

Left: Sono Osato as a Jewish Maiden

Riabouchinska as One of Cleopatra's Favourite Slaves

Cleopatra Enters With Her Slaves (Riabouchinska, Tchernicheva and Petroff)

"Cleopatra"

A Pre-War Exotic

Photographs by Anthony

Fokine's *Cleopatra* was revived by the de Basil company during the last week of their summer season at Covent Garden. Its power to thrill and shock evaporates before an audience hardened to orgies by Cecil B. de Mille and Charles Laughton's Nero, but its interest as a period piece remains. And it is beautifully performed, especially by Tchernicheva, probably the only dancer alive who could make the Egyptian queen's inactive presence a dramatic one. Shabelevsky takes the part of her condemned lover, and Danilova that of Ta-Hor, the forsaken maiden (she hurt her ankle in the ballet that followed *Cleopatra* and so was not photographed). A black-wigged Riabouchinska is Petroff's companion in slavery; the famous Bacchanal, a Pavlova favourite, is led by Grigorieva. The dresses are as Bakst designed them for Diaghileff's production in Paris in 1909

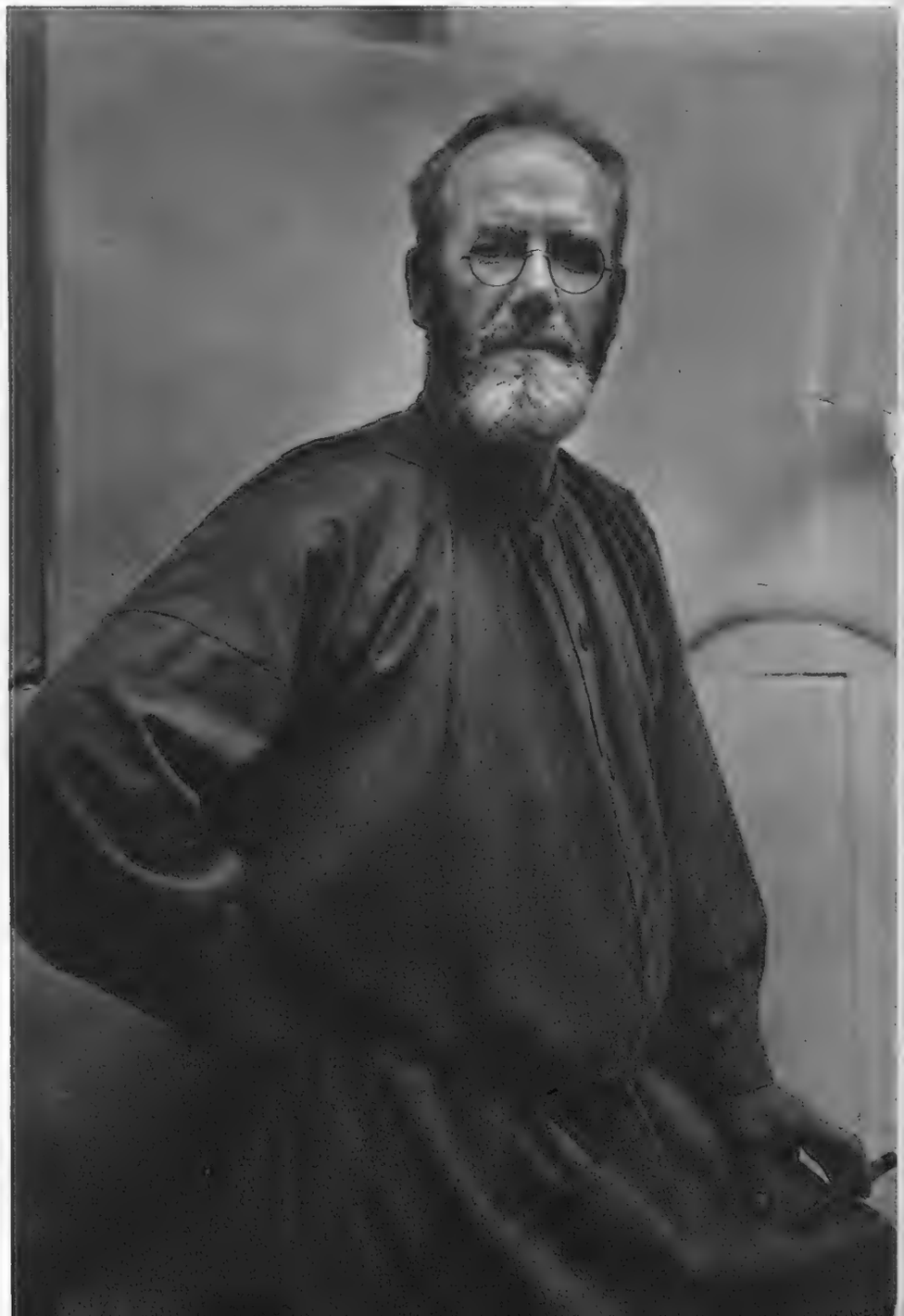
Yurek Shabelevsky and Lubov Tchernicheva Play the Longest Love-Scene in Ballet

Eric Gill and His League

Eric Gill has been at work for more than a year on sculpture for the ne
is with H.M. Government, for the panels are the gift of the nation to t
Council Chamber. The central panel, about thirty feet by eight, is a sin
of his sculptor); his hand is outstretched, touching the hand of God, wh
Quid est homo, quod memor es ejus? Ad imaginum Dei creavit
Gill will start on the two side panels: left, the human race in acceptance
of the natural world in which man lives. Eric Gill was made an A.
Edmund Dulac's head of the King, for the new issue of stamps, generall
As well as being one of our leading British sculptors he is a wood-engr
a typographer (gave his name to his Gill Sans), an author and a pacifis
a Roman Catholic in 1913, nine years after he had married at the ag

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander

" Ad Imaginum Dei Creavit Illum "



e of Nations Panels

v League of Nations building at Geneva. His contract
e building; they will be placed over the doors of the
le reclining figure of Adam (who is slightly reminiscent
ch appears from the clouds, and the inscription reads:
lum. This will be finished in November, when Mr.
of contact with the Creator; right, animals and plants
.A. in April of this year. His is the design, using
acclaimed and reminiscent of the early Victoria issues.
aver (has just illustrated a new edition of the Bible),
. Trained as an architect, he never practised; became
e of twenty-two. He has a son and three daughters

' by Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

1837, The Accession: *The reign and the film begin as the Archbishop of Canterbury (C. V. France) and Lord Conyngham (Hubert Harben) kneel to acclaim Victoria Regina*

1840, The Honeymoon: *Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria at the time of her marriage, one of the many changes of costume, bearing and features that are very skilfully made*

"Victoria the Great"

The Screen Companion to "Victoria Regina"

Photographs by Fred Daniels

1841, Domestic Bliss: *This scene, reminiscent of "The Rose and the Thorn" in Housman's "Victoria Regina," shows the royal couple at home after a State function*

Right:
1861, Near the End: *The Queen makes a cup of tea for Albert, who has been working late on the despatch to the United States. This scene, shortly before the Prince Consort's death, forms the basis of "Intervention" in "Victoria Regina"*

1840: The introduction of income tax is the subject of conversation between the young Queen and her consort (Anton Walbrook) in this scene from their honeymoon; one of the first signs of Albert's participation in government

1840, Man and Wife: *Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle as the newly-married Prince Consort and Queen, just after the wedding ceremony*

Admit that when you first heard of Anna Neagle playing Queen Victoria you pooh-poohed. Everyone did. And now the pooh-pooh comes back at us in the shape of a very fine performance in a very fine film which has already been acclaimed in New York at a private showing, in Venice at the International Film Congress, and in Paris at the Exposition. Herbert Wilcox, the producer and director, and Anna Neagle were guests of honour at all these functions, and on Thursday next week will be at the Leicester Square Theatre for the London premiere of *Victoria the Great*. The film has been made on a lavish scale; even the American producers were impressed by the list of acknowledgments—". . . for the use of Kensington Palace, St. James's Palace, Windsor Castle, the State Coronation Coach, the massed cavalry regiments, the original guns used to fire salutes in 1837, etc." "With competition like that, our Hollywood set-designers and property men might as well call it a day," they said

1877, Queen and Empress: *The climax of the imperialism of Disraeli (Hugh Miller) comes when the ageing and widowed Queen is declared Indiæ Imperatrix*

Below: ***1871, Balmoral:*** *John Brown, the Queen's faithful retainer and adviser, is played by George McLeod*

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Elisabeth Townshend

Lady Elisabeth Townshend decided not long after her début in 1935 to follow in her mother's footsteps and make a career for herself. Lady Townshend is an author (her latest book, entitled *It Was—and It Wasn't*, was published this Spring), and was among the pioneer scenarists—she was writing for the films in 1913. Lady Elisabeth Townshend decided to go on the stage. She already had a small part in the 1936 production of *Peter Pan*, but this year appendicitis has put a spoke in her wheel. She was operated in August and only returned to town this month from a convalescence at the family home in Norfolk—Raynham Hall. Lady Elisabeth Townshend has the same eyes and eyebrows and the same broad brow as her brother, the seventh Marquess Townshend. He was twenty-one the day after the Coronation

Films of the Day

The Making of Charles Chaplin

By George Campbell

Let me be frank. There are no films of the day. For the first time I can remember, West End cinemas have found it unnecessary to change their programmes; which hardly seems to justify moans of impending ruin unless admission prices are raised. Instead, I am going to tell you, if I may, something about a forgotten film producer by the name of Adam Kessel, and the light he has been shedding on what historians of the movies will undoubtedly consider an important chapter—the discovery and rise of Charles Chaplin.

Mr. Kessel, a New York dealer in automobiles these days, is a lively talker, with a style midway between one of his own high-pressure salesmen and Ernest Hemingway, the first litterateur who has felt called upon to deny that the hair on his chest is pink. He first heard of Chaplin, he says, through Mike Selwyn, door-keeper at a New York variety theatre known as the Victoria. The Victoria was running Fred Karno's *Night in an English Music-Hall*, and in the cast was a clown called Chaplin. "Swell pantomimist," said Mike.

"I asked Mike how much this actor made," recalls Kessel. "Mike said sixty dollars a week. So I went around back-stage to see Chaplin, and I said, 'How much are you making?', and he said "A hundred and twenty-five"—lied, of course. So I said, 'How would you like to make a hundred and fifty?'" Whereupon, according to Kessel, Chaplin lapsed into Cockney, said there wasn't that much money, and added that, anyway, he knew nothing about pictures. But Mike the door-keeper persuaded Chaplin that Kessel was a man of some substance and could afford to pay 150 dollars a week, and on December 16th, 1913, the contract was signed.

It was for a Keystone picture, *Mabel's Predicament*, with Charlie playing a drunk opposite that wild, lovable little genius, Mabel Normand. Just when Kessel was feeling he 'd been smart, there came a frantic wire from his partner in California. He couldn't get any work out of Chaplin: the picture was getting nowhere.

Unannounced, Kessel arrived at the studio, to find one of the principals sunning himself instead of working. "I kicked the chair out from under this guy"—this is very Hemingway, I think—" and he went on his pants gasping, and I asked him what the hell he meant wasting my money, that I was paying him a big salary and it wasn't for doing nothing, and he slobbered out some reply that I forget, but I think he was jealous—of Chaplin. I soon found out that not only was he jealous, the whole mob, and especially Fatty Arbuckle, were jealous.

"Then I went at Chaplin. Chaplin gave me a long tale of woe, how the other guys in the picture were out to get him, and he was sore all over his body from the kicks in the pants and from beatings in the comedy we were making, and from being tossed in the lake, and he was through with films. And I said, sort of wheedling, 'Listen, Charlie, I got 34,000 dollars tied up in this picture, why don't you give me a chance. You can't quit cold on me like this.' So I left him to think it over, and I went to Charlie West, our director, and I said, 'Westy, how does this guy Chaplin shape up?'; and he says, 'Chief, he 's marvellous; we never had anybody like him.'

"So that night I took Charlie out to Baron Long's. It was a sort of a roadhouse, dancing and drinks, and he led the orchestra, which he still does—you know he plays the violin left-handed and is otherwise fond of music—and we had a great time. I told him that if he 'd finish the film I would direct it myself, and there 'd be no more throwing in the lake.

"He said 'You know I don't like that part of it, because I can't swim.' I told him everything would be all right, lying a little myself, because there was another lake-throwing sequence; but I fixed that, saving it till the end.

"We went to work next day and, like I told you, we saved the lake-throwing sequence till the last. We went out, and I shoved a stick in the water and I said, 'Look, Charlie, it 's only three feet deep.' But of course I didn't press the stick down too far. He didn't know the bottom of the lake had about four feet of mud, so he said 'All right,' and we went ahead.

"Well, they did toss him in the lake, and the rest of the cast, Arbuckle, Mack Swain, and Sterling, were so sore they gave him the works. They shoved him down into the mud and, honest, we had to hose him when he came out. His face was covered with black ooze. Chaplin was sore as hell about it, but I didn't care, the film was made.

"Next day we showed it, ran off a pre-view for the whole cast, as we always used to do, and Chaplin sat right alongside me. He had never seen a motion-picture comedy before. I didn't see one then. I was looking at Chaplin, knowing that he was the greatest comedy pantomimist I had ever seen—I wanted to catch his reactions. Well, Chaplin looked at it and then he became interested, and then he began lurching all over his seat, laughing. After it was over I asked him if he liked it, and he said it was wonderful, and could he see it again, and I called out, 'Westy, run it again!'"

From that moment Chaplin was converted to pictures. *Tilly's Punctured Romance*, with a cast such as we shall never see again—Chaplin, Marie Dressler, Mabel Normand, Raymond Hitchcock, Mack Swain, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling and Owen Moore—caused a sensation. Kessel made 150,000 dollars, and Chaplin became famous in a day.

"I offered him a thousand dollars a week," says Kessel, who shares the average American's belief that all Londoners drop their "h's." "'Ell, no," said Charlie. Theatres everywhere were billing: 'Come and see the country's greatest comic—Charlie Chaplin.' 'e was made, and blime, 'e bloomin' well knew it!"

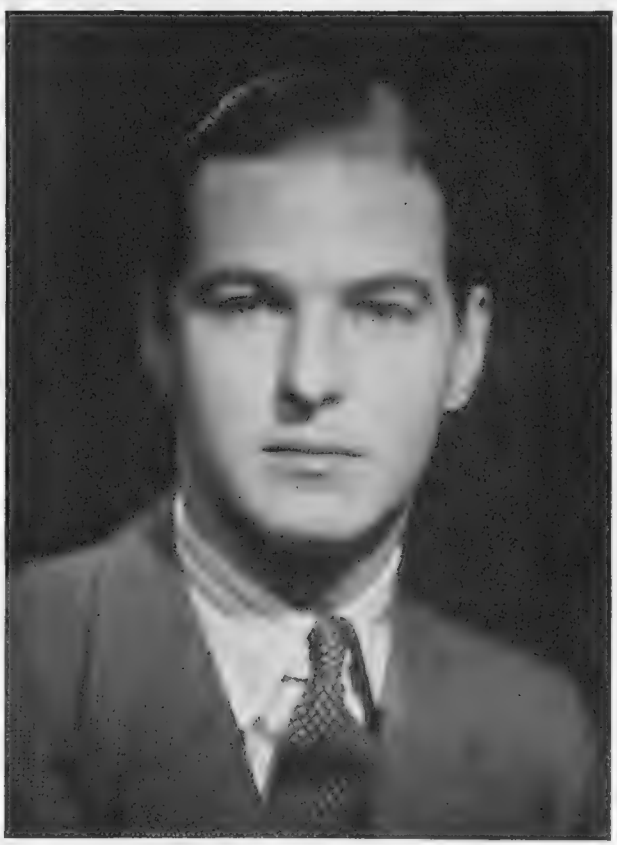
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Calf-Love: By Alan Thomas

One of the best "Cockney humour" retorts I remember is that of the mud-caked, bedraggled Tommy slouching down the line during one of the big pushes on the Western Front. Another Tommy meets him and asks him what the news is. "News?" repeats the mud-caked one. "I dunno, mate. I ain't seen the paper this morning." This Cockney humorist would, I feel, have had a good deal in common with the rather questionable hero of Miss Margaret Iles's work, *Perry's Cows* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). Perry is a half-country, half-Cockney dairy farmer in Essex. A bachelor, he lives by himself and for his cows. Perry's Cows are, in fact, Perry's Cows, "and therefore, in Perry's mind, they were as different from other cows as the white man considers his child from the black man's." The chief interest and humour of the book (it may be described as an agricultural comedy) lie in the way Perry is always out-manœuvring his neighbours and dodging the regulations of the Milk Board or the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Whatever the issue may be—the digging of a ditch, the letting loose of a bull, the affair of the black and white cows, or the selling of tubercular milk—Perry is never at a loss for a plan or for an answer. He reminded me on occasions of Bob Pretty in the Jacobs stories. Perry's character, however, was more complex than Pretty's. By nature hard and grasping, Perry nevertheless had his own standards of integrity, and he was not without a heart. But a cow meant more to him than any human. Miss Iles writes with dry, humorous detachment, and if the construction of her book is rather too episodic, the episodes themselves, and particularly some of the dialogues, are very entertaining.

Miss Doreen Wallace is a novelist whose style is distinguished by a brilliant, clear-cut precision that is all too rare. She knows exactly what her characters are up to and she writes of them with a complete absence of sentimentality. These qualities are fully apparent in her latest novel, *The Faithful Compass* (Collins; 7s. 6d.). The background of the story is Cumberland, and Miss Wallace's descriptions of the local hunts, of the Fell sports, and of work on the sheep farms are exciting and absorbing. Across this scene move her characters, working out their destiny. That of Marianne, the doctor's young daughter, is to love with unswerving devotion a wealthy young rake who has no time for her. Rodney, a nice young farmer, is in his turn destined to love Marianne with a dog-like devotion. He has an abortive attempt at an affair with Viola, the unhappy middle-aged wife of a fashionable writer and the most convincing and intelligent character in the book; but, like a "faithful compass," Rodney's heart returns to Marianne, who has no use for it. This book may not be as popular as others Miss Wallace has written; she gives the impression of having studied rather than identified herself with the emotions of her characters, and as a result the reader is interested in, rather than moved by, the fidelity of Marianne and Rodney. Moreover, the story itself is at times inclined to be costive. But I recommend the book for its acute and sensitive observation.

No class of persons—except, possibly, solicitors—has so many and varied opportunities for observing human nature at first hand as doctors have, and books written by doctors about their profession and their patients are usually of interest to us all. Such a book is Dr. Johnston Abraham's 99, *Wimpole Street* (Chapman and Hall; 5s.). The eleven articles which compose it, and which have appeared before in sundry magazines, range over a variety of subjects from "Why Women Dress" to "The Fear of Death." Dr. Abraham's outlook is at times inclined to be a trifle "scientific," as when, for example, he is enumerating the benefits which doctors derive from hospital work, and concludes by saying that: "Most important of all, they have the patients on whom they can try out new methods." At times, too, he can be suitably scathing: speaking of Sir Almroth Wright, "whose T.A.B. vaccine saved us millions of men," he adds: "Was he given a peerage and a huge pension for this marvellous work? Of course not. He was not a General launching thousands of men fruitlessly against visible foes, but a laboratory worker protecting millions from still more deadly invisible foes." The prevailing note, however, is one of common sense and encouragement, and his book makes pleasant as well as informative reading.



Catherine Bell

Terence Rattigan

The twenty-five-year-old author of one of 1937's stage hits, "French Without Tears," is the son of W. F. A. Rattigan, C.M.G., and Mrs. Rattigan; he was to follow his father in the Diplomatic Service, but decided instead to become a playwright: he certainly has. Is now a scenario-writer for Warner Brothers

Mr. Geoffrey Gorer, who went to America for the first time in 1935, has now given us his impressions "of some (possibly untypical) phases of American culture." The first of these phases gives the book its title, *Hot Strip Tease* (Cresset Press; 6s.). After a somewhat portentous (Mr. Gorer's own word) prelude on the Study of Culture, we are taken into a New York burlesque theatre, and are treated to an exact description of a strip-tease scene (as well as some of the obscene and dreary turns surrounding it), and to Mr. Gorer's reflections on the kind of people who frequent these shows. Descriptions of life in Harlem, of the behaviour and conversation of America's plutocracy, and a couple of rather moving short stories complete a somewhat mixed bag. Mr. Gorer has a flair for descriptive writing, and the pictures he gives of Father Divine, or of the Beaux Arts Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, are vivid and amusing. He would, I think, have done better to confine himself in this volume to description and to have reserved for another and weightier book much of his analysis of culture.

Mr. Michael Arlen's volume of short stories, *The Crooked Coronet* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), which he describes as "misrepresentations of the real facts of life," has a slightly pervasive atmosphere of Mayfair. Some of the stories are ingenious and have a quite unpredictable twist in their tail; and one about a bearded golfer is a nice little study in the horrific. Mr. Arlen writes always with sophistication and often with humour; indeed, he shows an unsuspected accomplishment in writing about silly asses in the Wodehouse mode. But ten of the eleven stories give the impression that he might have written them with one hand tied behind his back. The eleventh, "The Black Archangel," is big enough to dwarf the rest. In it Mr. Arlen leaves Mayfair for Central Africa, and his writing gains immeasurably in power and vigour from the change of air.

Baron

L. A. G. Strong—Schoolmaster Into Novelist

Every celebrity at one period on his upward path chooses the style by which he is known to the public (who ever heard of M. Beerbohm or Gilbert Chesterton?), and Strong's names of Leonard, Alfred and George consist only of their first letters as far as the public is concerned. The public first became aware of the initials in 1921, when a book of verse appeared over them. It has become increasingly aware ever since, while L. A. G. Strong added some twenty-five to his list of publications—verse, belles lettres and fiction (he modestly does not describe himself as a poet in "Who's Who"). This year has seen *The Swift Shadow*, a Devonshire tale, and *The Minstrel Boy*, a biography of Tom Moore, recommended a month ago by the Book Society. Two more books are in the press for the autumn. He will also be broadcasting a good deal in the next months, some talks, some short stories. Mr. Strong was a schoolmaster for twelve years at Summer Fields, Oxford, before which he had become acquainted with the city in statu pupillari (open classical scholar at Wadham). His recreations are music, walking in the country, swimming and talking dialect (Irish and Devonshire)

"Bystander" Short Story No. 103

Love Is Enough

By Walter Brooks

Illustration by Eric Fraser

THIS is about a woman named Henrietta Pender, who married a travelling man in the fall of 1928. The travelling man's name was Henry Dilmer, and he spent most of his time on the road with five trunks full of hats. He was a kind husband, and a good, loyal Elk, though some people didn't think he had much below the antlers. Maybe that was why, after a while, Mrs. Dilmer got kind of sick of him. Because she did. But she was too timid and too inert to take measures. And besides, her features, though good separately, did not make a pleasing ensemble, and even when she was young and innocent, nobody but Mr. Dilmer had ever made a pass at her. So her chances of getting anything better were pretty remote.

But Mr. Dilmer thought she was ravishing, and so he didn't trust her. For he had heard the kind of stories travelling men tell one another about their adventures, and of course, evenings when he wasn't whooping it up over a bottle of beer with customers and local Elks, he stayed in his hotel room and read detective story magazines and the *Saturday Evening Post*, and in this way he learned a lot about life. And nights on the road, when he wound up his watch and turned out the light, he wondered if Mrs. Dilmer was also safely tucked up in bed, or if she was out at some wild night resort with a dark and handsome stranger. And sometimes he would lie awake half an hour, or even longer, while his imagination tortured him with pictures of shameful revels. When he got home he would forget all this, but when he started on another trip he would remember, and as he kissed her good-bye, he would say: "Now, you behave while I'm gone"; and Mrs. Dilmer would say: "As if I ever had a chance to do anything else!" And Mr. Dilmer would say: "That's all very well; but I know what you women are, and you let me catch you up to any funny business, and I'll walk out on you. I'll walk out of this house like that!" And he snapped his fingers.

Well, for a number of years Mrs. Dilmer took this as a compliment; but at last, one time, the thought came to her "Maybe he really means it!" And her heart gave such an excited jump, like a mouse that sees the cage-door opening, that she had to sit down a minute. By and by she got up and took a little bicarbonate, and then she felt better. But she was pretty thoughtful all the rest of the week, and on the morning of the day Mr. Dilmer was to get home, she went down-town and bought a suit of men's pyjamas and a plaid necktie, and half-a-dozen cigars and a pint of gin.

When she got home, she crumpled up the pyjamas so they'd look as if they'd been slept in, and hung them in her closet, and she put four of the cigars on the mantel, and cut about two-thirds off each of the other two, and charred them in the gas flame so they looked as if they'd been smoked, and one she dropped by the fireplace, and the other she put in an ashtray on her bedside table. Then she hung the necktie on the bureau and looked at it a few minutes, and then she took it off and hung it on the foot-rail of her bed. And last she put a little gin in two glasses, and poured the rest down the sink, and left the glasses and the empty bottle in the living-room. And then she went down-town to lunch and a movie.

Well, at five o'clock, when she got home, Mr. Dilmer was sitting on the porch. He said: "Hello, Etta!"; and she said: "Why, Henry, what brings you back to-day?" And he said: "I told you I'd be back Friday"; and she said: "But it's only Thursday." "I guess you've sort of lost track of time," said Mr. Dilmer, and he showed her the day on his newspaper. And Mrs. Dilmer said "Oh!" and sat down and fanned herself, trying to look guilty, which wasn't hard when she thought of those pyjamas. And Mr. Dilmer didn't say anything for a minute, but just looked at her without any expression, which wasn't hard either, for he never had much anyway. And at last he said: "Well, Etta, why did you do it?"

"Why, Henry," said Mrs. Dilmer, "what do you mean?" "You know what I mean," said Mr. Dilmer, "and I guess you remember what I said to you when I left, too, don't you?" Mrs. Dilmer didn't say anything, but she certainly looked as guilty as hell, and scared, too, for in the stories she read, men who found out things like that about their wives were apt to go sort of crazy and beat the stuffing out of them. But Mr. Dilmer didn't go crazy; he just looked sort of sad, and he got up and picked up his bag, which was beside him on the porch, and said: "Well, I'm keeping my word; and if there's anything you want of me, I'll be at the Elks' Club." And he went down the steps and out the gate. And Mrs. Dilmer looked after him for a minute, with a funny feeling in her

(*Concluded on page* vi)

FAMOUS FORTS

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Ridiculous Scores at Brighton

ERNEST R. WHITCOMBE, the professional to the Meyrick Park G.C., Bournemouth, and the eldest of the Whitcombe brothers, won the *News Chronicle* £1000 tournament on the course of the East Brighton G.C. with a total of 268, consisting of rounds of 67, 65, 72 and 64.

This is the lowest total that has ever been returned in a golf competition of importance of 72 holes medal play in England on a full-sized golf-course, and was fifteen strokes better than the total with which Don Curtis won this tournament on the same course last year.

Of the 72 holes medal play, one round was played on the Wednesday and the second on the Thursday. The sixty competitors returning the lowest scores for the first two rounds, and all who tied for the last place, played two rounds on the Friday.

ON my arrival on the course on the first day of the tournament, the first person I saw was one of our best professional players, who has represented us in Ryder Cup matches. I asked him what score he had done, and when he said "Sixty-nine," I said "Well done! That must put you right in the hunt," only to get the reply, "Have you seen the score-board? I played very badly." This professional, who is very modest, has an extensive knowledge of the game, so I did not doubt his statement that a score of 69 was not good. It was proved how right he was when the player who returned a score equal to four rounds of 69 each found himself entitled to only the sixth prize and eight shots behind the winner.

On the first day no fewer than forty players handed in cards of 70 or better, and Sam King took the lead with a 63, while Max Faulkner was in the second place with a round of 64, which, according to his caddie, would have been less than sixty if he had not, to use his caddie's words, "had two crashes and missed some short putts."

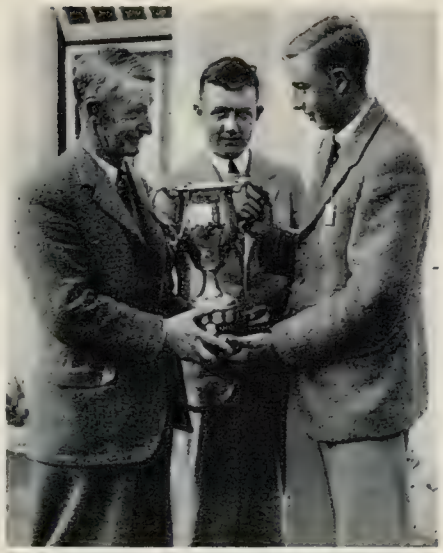
ON the evening of the first day it appeared very doubtful if two scores of 72 would qualify for the last day's play. Actually, 144 was the highest score to qualify, and at the end of play competitors with an average of 71 strokes per round shared the last prize, and there were sixty prizes. As you can see, the whole play was out of perspective.

I asked a man how another player was doing, and got the reply, in all seriousness: "He is no good at all—he took 34 to go out."

GOLFERS who were not at Brighton will no doubt want to know why so many ridiculously low scores were returned, and will probably think that the tournament took place on a very short and very easy course.

Besides the ridiculous ball with which the game is played nowadays, the other reasons for the very low scores were the easy weather conditions, the improvement in the playing condition of the course, too much latitude for the tee and approach shots, the long distances the ball ran on the hard fairways, and last but not least, good play.

IT was the second reason, I am sure, which was responsible for the low scoring—namely, the great improvement in the playing condition of the course, and especially of the putting greens. No one, however good a golfer he is or on however easy a course he is playing, can go round in a very low score if the putting greens are not reasonably true.



The New Boys' Champion

Ian Roberts (Murrayfield), aged sixteen, took the Boys' Amateur Championship Cup from Lord Macgregor Mitchell, while J. L. Stewart (Auchenidy), aged fourteen and a half, who had been beaten 8 and 7 in the final, looked on. The Championship was held at Bruntsfield, near Edinburgh, of which Lord Macgregor Mitchell is captain

The members of the Committee of the East Brighton G.C. are to be congratulated on the great improvement in the condition of their course, and also for not trying to prevent low scores by cutting the holes in ridiculous positions on the greens, although some extremely foolish people did actually suggest that they should do so.

The course measured 6433 yards, but, as six greens could be reached from the tee, the player of perfect golf with two putts per green should have gone round in 66. The scores better than this were done because the men who did them in actual fact never required 36 putts. King did the best score for eighteen holes—namely, 63—and in this round only required thirty putts, three of which he took on one green.

WITH so many players returning good scores, it was surprising to see Paddy Mahon have such a bad tournament. He eventually tied for the last prize after being near the top of the list in nearly all the previous professional competitions this year.

Two shots show clearly how far the ball was being hit at Brighton. Mahon, who is a little man, drove 340 yards at the fourteenth hole on the Friday morning, and on the Thursday R. Burton drove over the green at the seventeenth, a hole of 375 yards. Both these shots were on reasonably level ground—if anything, uphill rather than downhill.

Even taking into consideration the easy conditions, no one can deny that Ernest Whitcombe's last round of 64 was a very fine performance. It is much easier, as we all know, to start well than to finish well, when we probably know what we have to do to win. It must be very easy to miss shots when you know each one may make a difference of £100 to you.

It was unfortunate that the Open Champion of Czechoslovakia could not play. Goodness only knows what scores *he* would have done.

A Big Group at Calcot

They were sitting on the steps after play in the Southern qualifying rounds for the thirtieth £1250 professional match-play tournament, and are: (back row) A. M. Dailey, who topped the list with 67; E. A. Bradbeer, the local professional; C. A. Whitcombe, who, with 70, was one of the ten to break the course record; J. O. H. Greenly (Calcot Green Committee); A. H. Padgham, who returned 69; (front row) Colonel J. H. M. Greenly, local chairman; Dr. O. Saunders Jones, captain; Mrs. J. Rabett, ladies' captain; Captain de Vitre, secretary

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

IN the first place, all honour to Tommy Farr. He fought grandly against Joe Louis, and put British boxing on the map again. I suspect, moreover, that he has done more to raise British prestige in America than a boat-load of diplomats could have done.

A remarkable fellow, Tommy Farr. His character and courage are as exceptional as his boxing skill. If only he had a really heavy punch, he would be world champion to-day, and he may well win the title yet. He has, at any rate, finally exploded the Louis myth.

I DOUBT whether Louis has ever recovered from the pasting he took from Max Schmeling, though he proved himself a better boxer than we thought against Farr. The way he used his left was impressive, and surprising, but Farr absorbed his punches and came back for more.

Farr is phenomenally strong. He is young, moreover, and has still time to develop. It is odd to reflect that, not so long ago, he nearly gave up boxing in despair, because he could make no headway in this country. That makes us wonder how many other promising fighters are lost in the crowd, simply for want of proper encouragement and sufficient opportunity.

IT was unfortunate that so much ballyhoo and general unpleasantness marred the weeks preceding Farr's fight. American sporting journalism does not emerge with much credit from the affair. Farr was mocked and ridiculed from the moment he arrived in America, though an elementary sense of decency should have spared him such treatment.

Farr twisted the noses of his critics most satisfactorily, but the fact remains that he was not given a fair break until the night of the fight itself, when the spectators treated him well.

PERHAPS we are too generous to American boxers when they come over here. We have the odd habit of looking for their good points, instead of running them down unmercifully. We like to welcome them, and make them feel that they will be judged on their merits. Possibly we should change our tactics, and insult them gratuitously, and do our best to rattle them and show them that we are thoroughly hostile.

I think, none the less, that our methods are better. Sportsmanship is not yet quite extinct. It may be that Tommy Farr has reminded American newspapermen of this fact, for at least he was generously written-up after his performance.

WE have one boxer in this country who has not reached the ballyhoo stage yet, and that is Peter Kane, who battered Jimmy Warnock so mercilessly the other day.

Kane has an awkward problem to solve. He is a nineteen-year-old blacksmith, and still growing fast. If he trains rigorously down to the fly-weight limit, he will get a match with Benny Lynch for the world championship, and that would be a tremendous fight.

I am convinced, though, that he should let that championship go, and move up into the bantam class, instead of weakening himself dangerously by attempting to stay among the fly-weights.

If he builds up wisely, he will inevitably win a world title among the bantams, for he is a phenomenally strong and clever lad.

ANOTHER British athlete who has earned more than a passing word of praise is S. C. Wooderson, whose new world's record of 4 min. 6·6 sec. for the mile was a remarkable performance. Wooderson takes the record from Glen Cunningham, the great American runner—how well I remember American voices shouting anxiously, "Cunning-*ham*! Cunning-*ham*!" at the last Olympic Games.

AND that reminds me. The offer made to the Football Association by General Critchley to spend £250,000 on the White City in order that the arena could accommodate 140,000 spectators for the Cup Final has acquired a new significance since the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan. What the outcome of the Shanghai trouble will be I do not attempt to prognosticate, but it is quite on the cards that when our thoughts turn to the 1940 Olympic Games, due to be held in Tokio, Japan will be far too busy for such trifles. Great Britain comes next on the list, and if we also are not otherwise engaged, we shall have to provide a suitable Olympic Stadium.

That will not be easy. Wembley springs at once to mind, but unless the Football Association accept Mr. A. J. Elvin's proposals for seating reconstruction there, we shall need a larger arena. If the White City seating capacity has been expanded to 140,000, our problem will be virtually solved, provided transport for vast crowds can be arranged. It is also possible, I suppose, that we should build a special stadium, as the Germans did, but that is improbable, to say the least of it.

A Cricketer Engaged

Mr. John Human, ex-Cambridge captain and now of Middlesex, and Miss Mary Louise Walder, have announced their engagement. She is Alderman the Hon. Sir Samuel and Lady Walder's only daughter, met John Human on an Australia-bound liner when he was with E. R. T. Holmes' XI. in 1935. He will sail to Sydney—his fiancée's home—for the marriage this month

Archers

Polishing their arrows up for the Southern Counties Archery Championship were H. A. Tetcombe (bareheaded), J. Weston Martyr (in béret), and Capt. M. G. Hogg (in cap), defender of the Southern title

AND now a word of farewell to cricket. The season comes to its usual happy ending with festival weeks, and as I write Yorkshire are dourly winning their race with Middlesex for the County Championship.

Middlesex were thwarted by two players in particular—Hardstaff, of Notts, and Fishlock, of Surrey. Fishlock has finished in a blaze of glory. His two centuries in the Yorkshire match were grandly played innings. On present form Fishlock is the best left-handed batsman in the country, and a very strong candidate for a place in the England team next year. Why he did so poorly in Australia last winter is a mystery indeed, but we will easily forgive him if he deals as effectively with O'Reilly as he did with Verity and the Middlesex spin-bowlers.

LAST week I wrote of N. W. Yardley (Cambridge and Yorkshire) as a potential England captain. I hold to that opinion, for I think Yardley has matured into the soundest amateur player in the country, with the exception of R. E. S. Wyatt. I think, however, that F. G. H. Chalk (Oxford and Kent) is another amateur worth watching, and what a pity it is that D. R. Wilcox cannot play regularly, for he might well open the England innings. There are, in fact, some useful amateurs playing just now. A Gentlemen team picked now would shape something like this: D. R. Wilcox, R. E. S. Wyatt, F. G. H. Chalk, N. W. D. Yardley, R. C. M. Kimpton, H. G. Owen-Smith, G. O. Allen, R. W. V. Robins, C. R. Maxwell, F. R. Brown, K. Farnes. The batting might be a little chancy after No. 5, but what an entertaining side, with brilliance in the field and formidable bowling to commend it! I fancy it would hold its own with most other combinations of players.

Tommy Farr Wiped Up His Critics

Of course Maxie Baer had to get into this picture and steal the fun, while his brother Buddy plays up to his wisecracks. Tommy Farr, who had earlier made a pass at Baer for some insulting remarks, doesn't play up to this jolly scene, and frankly, we don't blame him. His narrow failure to box the championship out of Joe Louis suddenly sweetened the U.S. critics' acid campaign against him; now there is talk of a return match

Wooderson Wiped Up a Land Record

Right: S. C. Wooderson, that marvellous little loping champion, beat Cunningham's world record by a fifth, and his own British record by more than four seconds, when he covered the mile in 4 min. 6·6 sec. at Motspur Park

Well Played, Sir!

Sir Malcolm Campbell Wiped Up a Water Record

Sir Malcolm Campbell's figure of 126·32 m.p.h. was accepted as a world water-speed record by the Speedboat Association at Brussels, and on the following day he took Bluebird out again on Lake Maggiore and beat his own figure, registering 129·5 m.p.h. Commodore Gar Wood, previous record-holder, immediately announced in Detroit that he would bid again

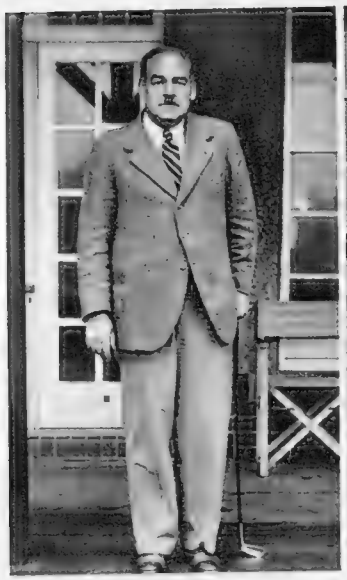
Hendren Swiped Up a Century

Although Yorkshire had the Championship practically in its pocket at the time, nothing took away from Patsy Hendren's final innings with Middlesex and first-class cricket. He knocked up a hundred against Surrey, and had to stand for three or four minutes at the wicket, lifting his cap while the crowds cheered and sang "A Jolly Good Fellow." Hendren, seen with his captain, Robins, retires with 57,000 runs to his credit

Golf Clubs at Home: Cavendish, Buxton

The Cavendish Golf Club at Buxton reaps first of all the natural advantages of its position — healthy, dry air and splendid soil. Added to this are the advantages of a natural terrain within ten minutes' walk of Buxton market-place—bold contours of heath and moorland broken up by pine woods, streams and unexpected gullies. Full use has been made of these by the designer, and the result is one of the most fascinating rounds in the Midlands, if not in England. The Club was founded in 1925 by the Duke of Devonshire, from whom it takes its name

S. L. Pettit (captain)



A. R. Leighton

J. R. Burnet (secretary)

C. J. Parr

Colonel E. M. Brooke-Taylor, (committee)

R. A. C. Johnson (committee)

G. Henriques (ex-captain)

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

WITH the one and only Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb looming on the horizon for next Saturday, the innumerable Shelsley fans are all agog once again. It really is extraordinary the hold which this fixture has on motoring sportsmen all over the world.

The extent to which the usually conservative B.B.C. boosts this particular event is accounted for by the tangible proof which they hold, in the form of hundreds of letters from overseas, that the Shelsley Walsh running commentary is one of their most eagerly-awaited broadcasts on motoring.

Any sporting motorist could find Shelsley Walsh for you on an up-to-date map of Worcestershire, for since 1905 Shelsley, as the centre of one of the most popular events in the motoring calendar, has been very much on the map indeed.

The same sporting motorist, however, would probably be surprised to know that he could also find Shelsley Walsh on a mediæval map of Worcestershire. The famous hill is, in fact, as old as the Domesday Book, and its name, with many variations of spelling, crops up from time to time in the history of Worcestershire and of England, with such dramatic associations as the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey and the arrest of the Gunpowder Plotters!

And now, twice each summer, Shelsley is the scene of mock battles fought on the most modern and scientific lines, with all possible resources of mechanical and technical skill. This has been going on for 32 years, only the war years interrupting the series.

THE Shelsley Open Climb became a recognised international fixture in 1930, being the British event for the Hill Climb Championship of Europe. Hans Stuck and Rudolf Caracciola were among the competitors, the former putting the record for the climb at 42·4 seconds, with an Austro-Daimler. This was the first time the honour had gone abroad, and three years elapsed before it was recaptured. In 1933, however, it was won back in no uncertain fashion by Raymond Mays and Whitney Straight, who took turns at reducing Stuck's time by fifths of a second until Straight, on his second run, clocked 41·1/5th seconds.

Since 1934, it has been Mays, with his E.R.A.s, who has monopolised the honours. At the May meeting of 1935 he put up a time of 39·3/5th seconds, which remained unbeaten until the June meeting of the present year, when he clocked 39·09 seconds under the new timing arrangement. By this means, instead of starting, as before, at the fall of the flag, the cars automatically time themselves by breaking rays of light at the start and finish, the apparatus not only registering the result to one-hundredth of a second, but printing the time on a card! It should be noted, however, that this method, by cutting out the inevitable time-lag between the fall of the flag and the full start, does not give a true comparison with time registered under the old procedure.

YEAR by year Shelsley Walsh has attracted better entries, more interest and larger crowds of spectators, and the promoters of the event have kept pace with this increasing popularity by constantly improving the organisation, both from the competitors' and the onlookers' point of view. One of the chief assets of Shelsley for the visitor is that wherever he chooses to take up his position he has practically a complete view of the course. Moreover, he can wander from point to point exactly as he pleases, and this atmosphere of freedom is matched by a friendliness and informality which is equalled in few other motor-sporting events. Shelsley Walsh indeed, might well be called the Goodwood of Motoring, as the Car T.T. may be thought of as the Derby, and the Brooklands B.R.D.C. 500 as the Ascot, of the motor world. As Goodwood appeals to all classes of horse-racegoers, so does Shelsley to all followers of the other great sport.

The short but infinitely exciting course, the opportunity of seeing some of the world's finest drivers at close quarters, of comparing their tactics and admiring their skill—these are some of the points which appeal to the Shelsley enthusiast. Then, again, the lovely surroundings in which the hill is situated would make it a pleasant enough venue even if it were not, as it is, one of the trickiest little climbs in the world.

NEXT Saturday, a huge racing car with an engine sixteen times as large as that of a modern baby car will be one of the most unusual entries.

This mechanical monster is a 12-litre Itala built nearly 30 years ago, yet capable to-day of over 100 miles an hour. Its engine, in spite of its huge size, is only a four-cylinder, but each piston is larger than a cheese-plate! Whilst most modern cars have a top gear of about 5 to 1, this 30-year-old racer has a *bottom* gear of 4·3 to 1 and a top gear of 1·3 to 1. The car has been entered by Mr. Cecil Clutton, of the Vintage Sports Car Club. It will be the largest car which has ever competed at Shelsley.

At the other end of the scale is what appears to be a baby racing car which, in fact, actually started life as a Morris Minor. But the 8-h.p. engine has been removed, drastic chassis alterations have been carried out and an eight-cylinder Hudson engine developing about 130 h.p. has been substituted. The driver sits almost over the back axle and the gearbox is situated so far back that the propellor shaft is only a few inches long. This multum-in-parvo car has been entered by Mr. P. G. Skinner, and will be driven, in turn, by him and his sister, Mrs. John Bolster, formerly Miss Barbara Skinner.

Wreathed in Smiles

Arthur Dobson won the J.C.C.'s international 200 miles race at Donington with an average of 69·67 m.p.h., and was snapshot afterwards in his E.R.A. and in the floral wreath which seems to be incongruously confined, among sports, to motor racing

Part of the Field at Donington

These three drivers negotiating Starkey's corner are J. P. Wakefield, who finished fourth, in a Maserati, Earl Howe, (making his first appearance since his crash), in an E.R.A., and C. B. Brackenbury, in an E.R.A.

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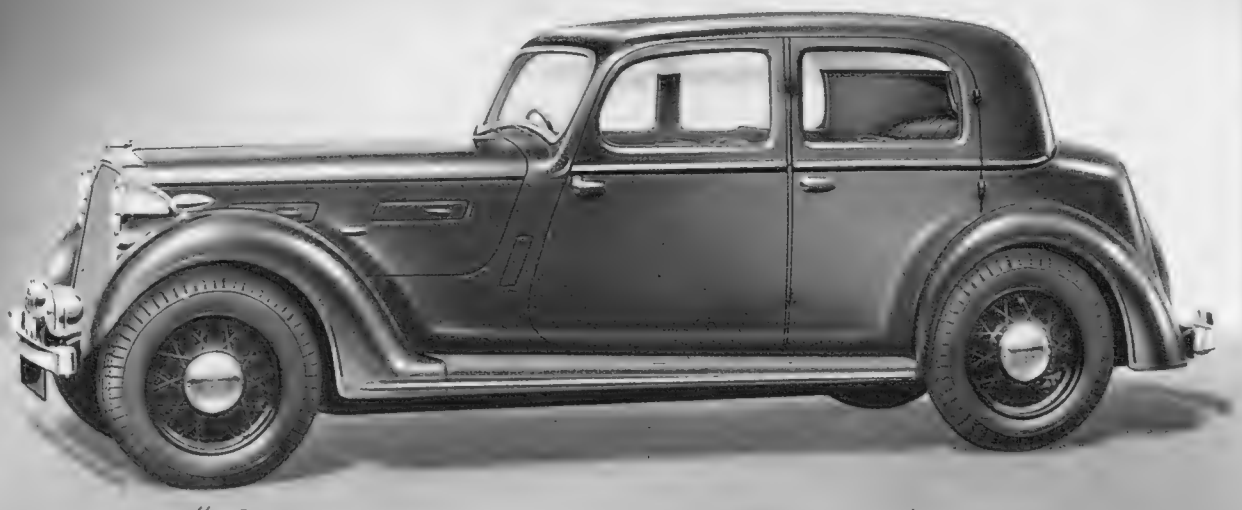

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By Charles Ward

At the King's command. The Airspeed "Envoy" which carries his Majesty and members of the Royal Family. It cruises at nearly 200 miles an hour and is of the same stock as those used on air routes in many parts of the world

Points for the King's Cup

THE race for the King's Cup takes place from and to Hatfield on Friday and Saturday next. It is the last national event in the flying calendar, to be followed only by a rally at Newtownards, Lord Londonderry's airport in Ulster, on September 18th; and the Aero Golfing Society's match for Wallace-Barr's trophy on September 23rd. For the winter, there are the Royal Aeronautical Society lectures to improve the mind, stimulate the imagination, and promote healthy argument. As the finish of a race, the progress of which you cannot see, is liable to be dull, in spite of broadcast comments, times and speeds en route, the Royal Aero Club has arranged a display of flying at Hatfield on Saturday. The aerodrome is one of the most attractive round London, so the thousands who gather to welcome the victor should have a pleasant day. Ken Waller is flying the "Comet" entered by F. E. Tasker, which, without disrespect to Flying Officer Clouston, may shorten the odds, as he was its co-pilot with Cathcart Jones in the MacRobertson race to Australia. The T.K.4 entered by Lord Wakefield ought to be placed, unless the handicap is too drastic. Tommy Rose on a Miles Hawk with Gipsy Six, using his own particular brand of spirit, should do well. He is always a favourite with the crowd, and for those who follow jockeys, Edgar Percival, Neville Stack, Atcherley and F. G. Miles are others to watch.

Tales from the Tarmac

THE short story of a young man who made his first solo at 9 o'clock one Sunday morning, and had completed three hours in the air, including a height test to 2,000 feet, by 6 p.m. on the same day, is worth recording. His name is Valentine Wigram, and the reason for such haste was that he had had to wait six months for his seventeenth birthday, in order to go solo. By passing his medical and theoretical tests, also on the same Sunday, he has given Brooklands a pilot of whom to be proud. Will the decimal system come to England through aviation? A start has been made by the issue from the Ordnance Survey of a new map for pilots. The metric system is made the basis for measurements, the kilometre taking precedence over the nautical and English miles. Altitudes and sea-depths are in metres, and contours are marked at 100-metre intervals. British Airways use metric calculations for all purposes.

TWO EXTRA HORSE-POWER WITH

BP ETHYL

BECAUSE IT

BANISHES PINKING

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking" your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

This England . . .

Salcombe, Devon

ANNO DOMINI 1204 was notable, amongst divers other matters, for the payment of 5000 marks by the inhabitants of Devon, that their county might be disafforested. And that, good masters, is about the last great change that took place in this delectable land. For change comes to this England only where it must; whether we change forest for grazing, or grass for a forest of steel, the good things remain. How else, look you, would a man be refreshed of his labours—in fields of stone or in clover-ley—had he not his Worthington, an ale-brew as old and fine as the breed of Devon cattle . . . that blow so softly at you in those lovely sunken lanes.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Next Year's International

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I AM sorry if you expect a frivolous letter from me, for you will not get it. This time of year, when there is no mad rush of big events, is the only moment to discuss the major affairs of the golfing world, which have to wait through April, May, June and even July for lack of space.

Sometimes, too, they wait because criticism at the moment could only do more harm than good, even if it were justified and written with full knowledge of the facts. For instance, it is obviously impossible to criticise an international team before it takes the field. Accordingly, injustices have to be temporarily passed over, and selection committees' mistakes, however glaring, ignored. Now there is no doubt—everybody except the selection committee themselves will tell you this—that there was some hideous bungling over the team that played against France. Cynics went so far as to say that they could see who were the selection committee by the players selected—a bit of bitterness so near the libellous truth that it can only be repeated by the omission of all names. The choice of a team must always be a matter of argument, but the subsequent attempt to make out that a certain player had refused the invitation to play, when, indeed, she had done nothing of the sort, was a piece of work which can only be described as dirty. At that, let us leave it. We beat France. Thanks to a wonderfully fine spirit amongst the players who eventually took the field, nobody could have guessed that there was anything amiss, and outwardly the match at West Sussex was one of the cheeriest Internationals ever played.

BUT the point of raking all this up again is that the International against the U.S.A. is to be played next year in America, and it is up to the golfers all over the kingdom to see that their team is selected and captained by the very best possible people in the kingdom, whether they already hold official positions in the L.G.U. or not. Is that selection committee chosen yet? When will it be chosen, and what will be its qualifications? How soon will the probable players have some idea whether they are likely to be picked or not?

The match against France this year unfortunately did little or nothing towards building up a team for the more difficult encounter against the U.S.A. next year. All it did was to undermine the confidence of those players in their prime who ought to have been its strength. No doubt some will say that we must wait and see what happens in the English Championship next month. That is sense. Only, having seen what happened in the English last year, the committee deliberately ignored the result, the winner being eventually left out, and the runner-up, with confidence broken, only put in as a reserve; while the player who had added an English to an Open medal in the same year was passed over too. At that rate, what is the use of winning anything?

HOWEVER, it will be up to a fresh selection committee to do better than that, and for the players concerned to forget the slights cast upon them by the 1936 one, anathematised by the whole body of thinking golfers. The concern of the majority of golfers is to amend the regulation by which the British selection committee has to be composed of individuals from each quarter of the United Kingdom, instead of those who have special knowledge of form all over it, regardless of which sections they represent. In theory, of course, a British team should be picked by players from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales: in theory, it should also be composed of the best players from each of those units. But theory has never been a successful ruling factor in British politics, whether national or of mere golfing origin; and it simply does not work. Players in outlying parts of the kingdom may know the play of the best players in their own portion of it; they may not know anything at all about how those players compare with the best of the other three portions, nor even what the standard of international golf really is.

It is up to the Council of the L.G.U. to amend that regulation: it is also up to the counties to see, either that their representatives on the Council are really competent for so important a business as choosing the team for America, or that the regulations permit the selection committee to consist of non-members of the Council. It is impossible to get the right team till we have the right selection committee, and it is not too soon to get busy in the matter.

ABOVE all, who is to captain the team? On her personality so much depends. She is an ambassador to the other country, as well as guide, counsellor and friend to her own team. That she should also pick and place her own is a scheme—not so wild as some folk think—which has been mooted before now.

At all events, the thing concerns all golfers. What are they going to do about it?

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Daughter and Father

Miss C. Howard, who entered from Harrogate, and Lieut.-General G. W. Howard, who entered from Royal St. Georges, were photographed at the second of that successful event, the Fathers' and Daughters' Tournament, which was held at Pulborough

Dr. F. H. Alexander and Miss K. Alexander, A. W. S. Aldridge and Mrs. J. Hunter were first off in the second Fathers' and Daughters' Tournament at Pulborough. Mr. Aldridge, who promoted the competition and is the donor of the cups, and his daughter were beaten by a hole

M. André Vagliano and Mlle. Lally Vagliano had an easy first-round victory at Pulborough. Lally Vagliano was getting late practice for the "Bystander" Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges this week

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Berets are very much in the limelight this autumn and vary greatly in shape. The general tendency is to make them larger, with an upward lift ending in a forward sweep. Some are enormous, turned up at one side and caught down on the other with a feather quill or bird; others are made with a fur crown. A military air distinguishes the new "Liberté" béret on the right from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It has a graceful forward movement which is more pronounced seen from the side, and is made in black felt caught into soft folds across the front. The back fits closely to the head, and a vivid splash of colour is introduced by a band of golden pheasant plumes dyed in jewel tones, for while black reigns supreme, it is often combined with bright colours

A Morning Canter

Whatever the Weather

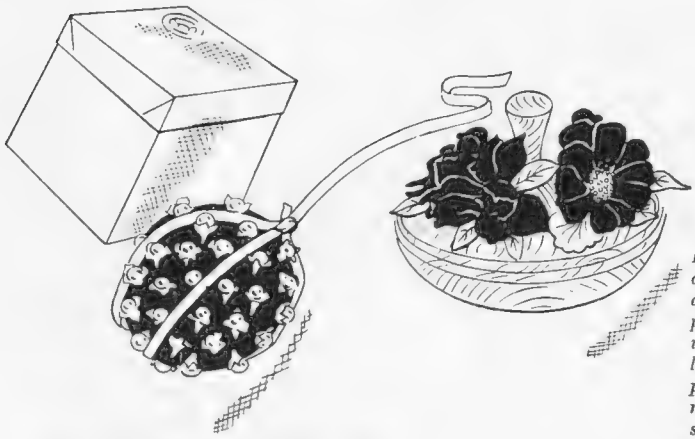
Riding in the rain is pleasant enough if one is adequately protected. In readiness for a hard winter Moss Bros., of 20, King Street, Covent Garden, have designed the "Mosco" mackintosh above; it is light in weight, with leg and pommel straps and a storm collar. Beneath it the rider is wearing the hacking outfit shown on the right. Her breeches, which cost three guineas in various shades of Bedford cord or cavalry twill, are available "ready-to-wear" in many different sizes. The high-necked sweater is fifteen shillings, while soft felt hats, relieved with a feather mount, are twelve and sixpence. This firm thoroughly understand the many important details of riding equipment, and are always ready to advise a novice

Hunting and even hacking fashions admit only slight variations, so original touches must be confined to accessories. Gloves, which should be hard-wearing as well as comfortable, may be entirely of string or leather or else hand-knitted in wool. For wet weather there are leather ones reinforced with cord on the fingers. A tweed coat and riding shirt in poplin, spun silk or flannel may, of course, be worn instead of a sweater for hacking, with either breeches or jodhpurs. Friends who hunt will be delighted with the present of a hunting canteen, which fits neatly on the saddle and contains a sandwich-box and flask. There are also "hunting companions," consisting of boot-pulls, jockey lifts and a shoe-horn in a leather case

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

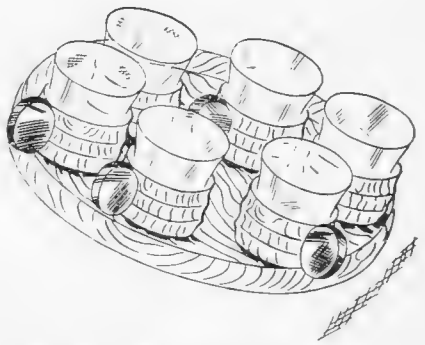
discovered by peta

pictured by joan



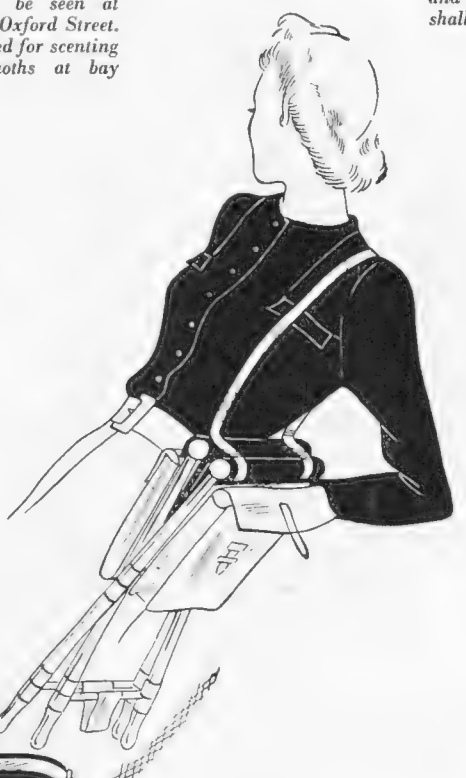
The orange pomander studded with cloves and imbued with fragrant oils, long forgotten, has now come back into fashion, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It costs 2s. 6d., and is used for scenting clothes and keeping moths at bay

Leather is used more and more for decorative purposes and is particularly effective when treated to look like barbola. The powder-bowl sketched, made of natural wood surmounted by hand-painted leather flowers, is an example of this. It costs 25s. 9d. and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove



Cherry-wood tea-cups lined with glass are a new idea for a modern flat. The wood is left in its natural state and is impervious to heat, though naturally cool drinks may also be served. A set of six cups with a round tray would make a delightful wedding present and costs £3 10s. at Fortnum and Mason

Clocks are always a source of inspiration and the latest design for travelling is seen above. It has an eight-day movement and stands in a rounded metal case lined with velvet. The price is 37s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, or 22s. 6d. packed in a leather case



Sportsmen and artists alike will appreciate this folding stool from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. It has a wooden frame and hide seat fitted with side pockets for carrying food, drink, cartridges or fishing tackle, etc. A leather strap enables it to be slung over the shoulder, and it costs three guineas

Hansom cabs are no longer seen in the streets of London, but there are still a few in the stables at Fortnum and Mason. This one is a perfect reproduction designed by a retired "cabby," and may be loaded with different kinds of chocolates. It is entirely hand-made

Love Is Enough (Continued from page 370)

stomach, and then she went in the house and had a drink of ginger ale.

Well, Mrs. Dilmer lived alone for a couple of months, and at first it was fine, not having to fit Mr. Dilmer's likes and dislikes into every plan she made, but pretty soon she found she was just as bored without him, as she had been with him. The only difference was that there was nobody to tell how bored she was, and that is the hell of a lot of difference, if you ask me. And she thought the neighbours were sort of laughing at her too. So finally she wrote to Mr. Dilmer at the Elks' Club. And she said: "Oh, Henry, if you can find it in your heart to forgive me, do come back to me, and I will never do so again." And the next day Mr. Dilmer came back.

"Well, Etta," he said; "so you have changed your mind?" "Oh, Henry!" said Mrs. Dilmer, falling on his neck. "Can you really forgive me?" For she did not want to tell him that it had been a hoax, for then he would know for certain that nobody had ever thought it worth while to try to seduce her. For that is the most humiliating thing a woman can have known about her.

So Mr. Dilmer pulled her down on the couch beside him and put his arm around her and said: "Well, Etta, it is a pretty hard thing to forgive, but if you will tell me something about this villain I will see what I can do." "Oh, Henry!" she said, "he was so handsome!" And she hid her face in his shoulder. "I can well believe it," said Mr. Dilmer, "and a queer guy he must have been." But first he said, "Perhaps I had better tell you what *I* know about *him*." "Oh, Henry," cried Mrs. Dilmer, "do you know him?" And Mr. Dilmer said, "Yes."

Well, this scared Mrs. Dilmer plenty, for if Mr. Dilmer had some real person in mind, he might feel it his duty to resort to violence, and thus end up in a gaol or a hospital—more likely the latter, for violence was not his metier. But before she could think of any way to stop him, Mr. Dilmer went on: "This scoundrel," he said, "was a man of very strange habits." "Oh, Henry," said Mrs. Dilmer, hiding her face again, "he was indeed!" "For instance," said Mr. Dilmer, "not only did he bring with him a flask of gin, which, since repeal, is no longer considered acceptable as a hostess gift, but he drank it, and, I assume, insisted on your drinking it straight, and probably through straws, since there was no mark of anyone's lips having touched the glasses. He brought with him a new necktie, which, I assume, he carried over his arm, since it had obviously never been tied. In bed he smoked a cigar. You will forgive me mentioning this intimate detail, but to me it seems almost incredible. Yet he did it."

"He wa—he was very nervous," stammered Mrs. Dilmer.

"He must have been, for somehow he managed to smoke this cigar without biting off the end. Indeed, his smoking habits were very odd, for the cigar he smoked in the living-room he lit at the wrong end. His taste in cigars, too, was not of the best. I know those cigars. You gave me some two Christmases ago. I can hardly believe that a man would smoke any cigar in a lady's bedroom, much less in her very bed. But those cigars—no. Decidedly no."

"But, Henry," said Mrs. Dilmer, "I know it may seem strange to you, but all men are not like you. All men are not as thoughtful as you, Henry."

"That may be true," said Mr. Dilmer; "but I find it hard to credit such a high degree of thoughtlessness outside of an asylum. For instance—and this is my last point—he brought with him a new suit of pyjamas. That was thoughtful, you will say. Perhaps it was, but was it thoughtful to leave the sales slip in the pocket so that I could note the coincidence that the pyjamas were bought and charged to me the day I came home?"

Mrs. Dilmer had begun to snivel a little. "Oh, Henry," she began; but Mr. Dilmer stopped her. "No, no, Etta," he said, "there is no need to say anything more. You wanted me to go away, and I went away. You wanted me to come back, and now I have come back. And I am glad I found all this out. I am a happy man to-day, Etta, for now I am sure of you at last."

"Oh, hell!" said Mrs. Dilmer.

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the Bystander.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—Wednesday, September 8, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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New Fur Fashions

(*Above*) CANADIAN SILVER FOX CAPE in selected skins. PRICE **52** GNS.

(*On left*) BECOMING WRAP with full back in selected dyed Kolinsky. PRICE **65** GNS.

Can be copied in Dyed Canadian Squirrel 33 gns. Dyed Russian Ermine from 65 gns. Mink from 150 gns.

THE International (Jay's LTD.) Fur Store

Regent Street W.1.

(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Captain Butterfield and Muriel Trevor-Williams

Captain F. H. Butterfield, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and Muriel Trevor-Williams announced their engagement last month and were to be married in Cairo. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, of Harrogate, Yorks., and she is the elder daughter of the late Arthur Trevor-Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Gezira, Cairo

Pearl Freeman

Norma MacLeod

Is the eldest daughter of the late Captain K. MacLeod, R.N., and Mrs. MacLeod, of 3, Marylebone High Street, W.1, and is engaged to Dr. Robert Glass, son of the late William Glass and Mrs. Glass, of Ballaglass, Maughold, Isle of Man

Pearl Freeman

Vera Perrott

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Perrott, of 6, Oakfield Grove, Clifton, Bristol; she is engaged to Donald Hitt, of Ploesti, Rumania, son of the late W. G. Hitt, of Plymouth

Lenare

Antoinette Roberta Bull

Is the only daughter of Mr. Cyril Bull, of 39, Cumberland Court, W., and Mrs. Bridge, of Earlsdon, Coventry; she is engaged to Claude Walter Hesketh, Probyn's Horse, only son of Lieut.-Col. and the late Mrs. Hesketh

Lafayette

Felicity Harris

Is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Gordon Harris, of The Beeches, Datchet, Bucks., and is engaged to K. Covell, son of the late Mrs. J. E. Covell, of 5, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5

Erwin Neame

Christina Dawkins

Is the only daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Dawkins, of Heale Cottage, Curry Rivel, Somerset; she is engaged to Guy Wayte, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. William Paxton Wayte, of 12, Queen Street, W.1

Douglas

Pamela Mary Chance

Is the daughter of G. H. Barrington Chance, of Braydon Hall, Minety, Wiltshire; she is engaged to Michael Pattrick, son of the late Captain Arthur Devereux Pattrick and Mrs. Pattrick, of Spa Grange, Hastings

Elliott and Fry

Rosemary Cholmeley

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hargreaves Cholmeley, of 48, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, and is engaged to Geoffrey Wrigley, second son of the late James Cecil Wrigley, of Warlaby Lodge, Northallerton, Yorks.

Lenare

Caroline Bull

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. William Bull, K.C., and the late Mrs. Bull, of Rosedale, Toronto, and 2, Eaton Place, S.W.1; she is engaged to Hilary Glyn, son of the late Maurice Glyn and the Hon. Mrs. Glyn, of 28, Albert Hall Mansions

Lenare

Jasemine Greenaway

Is the younger daughter of Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey; she has announced her engagement to Dr. Anthony Hinds Howell, second son of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Hinds Howell, of 145, Harley Street, W.

Elliott and Fry

Aileen Rosemary Loring

Is the only daughter of the late Major C. B. Loring, 37th Lancers, and Mrs. Loring, of Glencree Paignton, Devon; she is engaged to Alexander Wilberforce Bird, second son of the late W. J. A. Bird and Mrs. Bird, of Ulborough, Newton Abbot, Devon

Grazebrook — Asplin

Captain Neville Grazebrook, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. Grazebrook, of Pedmore, Stourbridge, Worcs., and Marion Betty Asplin, daughter of the late Charles Asplin and Mrs. Asplin, of Burghsted Lodge, Billericay, Essex, were married at Billericay

Prestwich — King

Henry Bryce Prestwich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Prestwich, of Altrincham, Cheshire, and Joan King, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James King, of Carnesure House, Comber, Co. Down, were married at St. Mary's, Comber, by the Archdeacon of Killale and Achoury

Macmillan — Roberts

Ian Archibald Macmillan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Macmillan, of Hadley Wood, Herts., and Dorothy Violet Roberts, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Roberts, of Dunedin, New Zealand, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Stuart — Newlyn

George Murray Stuart, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Ralph Stuart, of Athole Gardens, Glasgow, and Joan Olga Alfreda Newlyn, of Kensham House, Bradninch, were married at Bradninch Church, Devon

Phelps — Owain Evans

Dr. Harold J. Phelps, son of Mr. John Phelps, of the Royal Mint, and Margaret Owain Evans, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Owain Evans, of 305, Albany Road, Cardiff, were married at St. Andrew's, Ashley Place

Fearon — McKenna

Henry Fearon, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. Fearon, of Panama, America, married Alethea McKenna at Cookham Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian McKenna, of Camley House, Pinkney's Green, near Maidenhead

Grace — Matthews

At. St. Martin's, Brasted, Kent, Hugh Raymond Grace, the Buffs, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh D. C. Grace, of Charles Oak, Chevening, near Sevenoaks, married Christine Hermione Matthews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Matthews, of Heverswood, Brasted, Kent

Wainwright — Blackwood

At Southsea, Hants., Lieut. R. C. P. Wainwright, R.N., only son of the late Paymaster Lieut.-Com. O. J. Wainwright and Mrs. Wainwright, of Pendragon, Southsea, married Patricia Blackwood, only daughter of the late Colonel F. H. Blackwood and Mrs. Blackwood, of Pier Mansions, Southsea

Barnes-Gorell — Tritton

Robin Arthur Barnes-Gorell, of Cæsar's Camp, Sandy, Beds., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Barnes-Gorell, and Mrs. Iris Mary Tritton, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Ronald Baillie, of Jedbank, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, were married at Chelsea Old Church

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 8 — September 14

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—The Old Vic company, with Diana Wynyard, Emlyn Williams and Marie Ney, in a season of Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—The Regent's Park company in one of Shakespeare's more ready-mades: Open Air Theatre, 8.15.

THE FIRST LEGION.—A sincere and gripping treatment of the miracle question in a Jesuit brotherhood among whom are C. V. France, Franklin Dyall and Colin Keith-Johnson: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GERTIE MAUDE.—Carol Goodner is the centre of this interesting but rather ordinary van Druten play: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK.—The Haymarket production of Sean O'Casey's tragi-comedy, with Maire O'Neill and Sara Allgood, goes to the Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OLD MUSIC.—Whistler's décor, Benda's dresses, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams and Celia Johnson's acting are the best things about another pseudo-Victorian romance: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—The first of Gielgud's season stars him and Peggy Ashcroft, Leon Quartermaine, Michael Redgrave, Glen Byam Shaw: Queen's, 8.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson wonderful as Cockney extra, Ivor Novello in two parts, Marie Löhr, Zena Dare and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 95.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

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GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues again, with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—One of George Black's best yet, with a number of rhapsodic and well-handled scenes and the Crazy Gang on top of form: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—Rather an ingenious thriller with a variety of novel scenes gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence De Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Anne Firth is the young actress who throws the bonnet, Peter Coke, Cecil Parker, Ivy St. Helier are with her in Dodie Smith's newest: New, to-night, 8th.

THE FEUD.—Edmund Willard, Fred Groves, Merle Tottenham in a crime mystery based on a fraternal feud: Cambridge, Mon., 13th.

CRAZY DAYS.—Billy Mayerl composed it, Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff act in it: Shaftesbury, Tues., 14th.

CINEMAS

ACTION FOR SLANDER (British).—Clive Brook, Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott in a good, tense drama of English higher life: London Pavilion.

A CASTLE IN FLANDERS (German).—Marta Eggerth acts brilliantly opposite Paul Hartmann, and sings some husky melodies in this modern romance: Berkeley.

BRIEF ECSTASY (British).—Paul Lukas has Marie Ney for twenty years as housekeeper, so there's trouble when he wants to marry young Linden Travers; Greville directed this original version of eternal triangle: Curzon.

EASY LIVING (American).—Edward Arnold, Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in a smarty comedy of errors in high life; first-class light entertainment: Carlton.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS (American).—Orczy's novel has already been filmed in Vienna; America's version is wealthier if not richer, with Luise Rainer and William Powell: Empire.

FOR YOU ALONE (American).—Grace Moore still sings, but musical comedy, not opera, and does it excellently; Cary Grant opposite: Tivoli.

LOST HORIZON (American).—This long runner from Hilton's book has some splendid shots and a good story and some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MARKED WOMAN (American).—Bette Davis has a strong part as hostess to night clubs owned by gangsters such as Cianelli and Humphrey Bogart: Regal.

SOULS AT SEA (American).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in the amazing tale of the seaman who assumed God's functions in mid-Atlantic: Plaza.

THE STUDENT OF PRAGUE (German).—Anton Walbrook and Dorothea Dieck in the fourth of this repertory season: Studio One.

UNDER THE RED ROBE (British).—Conrad Veidt and Annabella are the stars, with Raymond Massey as Richelieu, in another ambitious historical panorama from Stanley Weyman: New Gallery.

WAKE UP AND LIVE (American).—Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, American columnists and radio wise-crackers, head the cast of film folk in a play about themselves: Gaumont.

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—A Jewish comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue, fine country shots and curious sense of humour; Molly Picon leads: Academy.

BALLET

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- LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, LE MARIAGE D'AURORE, LE PRINCE IGOR.—To-day, 8th (mat.)
- LE LAC DES CYGNES, CHOREARTIUM, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-night, 8th.
- JEUX D'ENFANTS, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, LE MARIAGE D'AURORE.—Thurs., 9th.
- LE LAC DES CYGNES, PETROUCHKA, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Fri., 10th.
- LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, JEUX D'ENFANTS, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Sat., 11th (mat.).
- CIMAROSIANA, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—Sat., 11th.
- LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, CHOREARTIUM, LE PRINCE IGOR.—Mon., 13th.
- CIMAROSIANA, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Tues., 14th.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in the perennial season of representative music: Queen's Hall, 8.15:

- BACH CONCERT.—Four piano soloists and three others in concertos, suites and entr'actes from the Cantatas: To-night, 8th.
- SIBELIUS CONCERT.—Muriel Brunskill in "The Ferryman's Brides," also "Die Okeaniden," sixth and second symphonies: Thurs., 9th.
- BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—Coriolan overture, Eroica symphony, recitative and aria from *Fidelio* (Cecilia Wessels), two violin romances (Renée Chemet); also Handel's water music: Fri., 10th.
- MIXED CONCERT.—Noël Eadie, John Brownlee and Jelly d'Aranyi are the soloists, Smetana, Massenet, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Kodály, Delius, Tchaikowsky the composers: Sat., 11th.
- WAGNER CONCERT.—Oda Slobodskaya, Walter Widdop, Herbert Heyner in extracts from the operas: Mon., 13th.
- VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' CONCERT.—The Wasps Overture, Folk Songs (Tudor Davies), piano concerto in C (Cyril Smith), B.B.C. Singers in an extract from "Hugh the Drover," fourth symphony: Tues., 14th.

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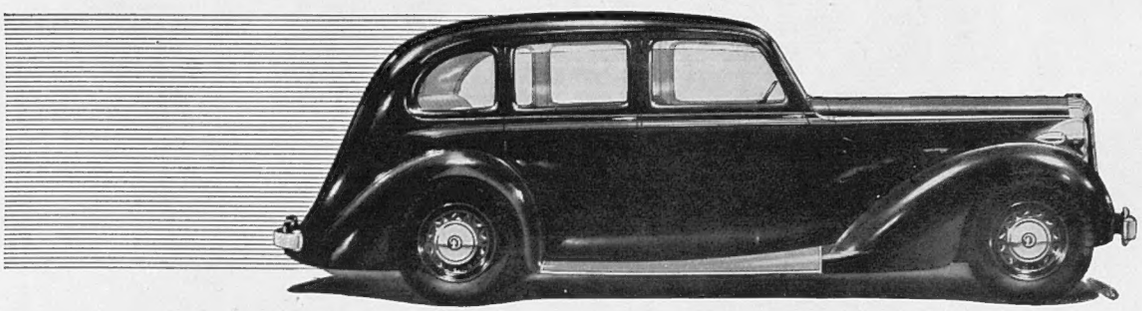

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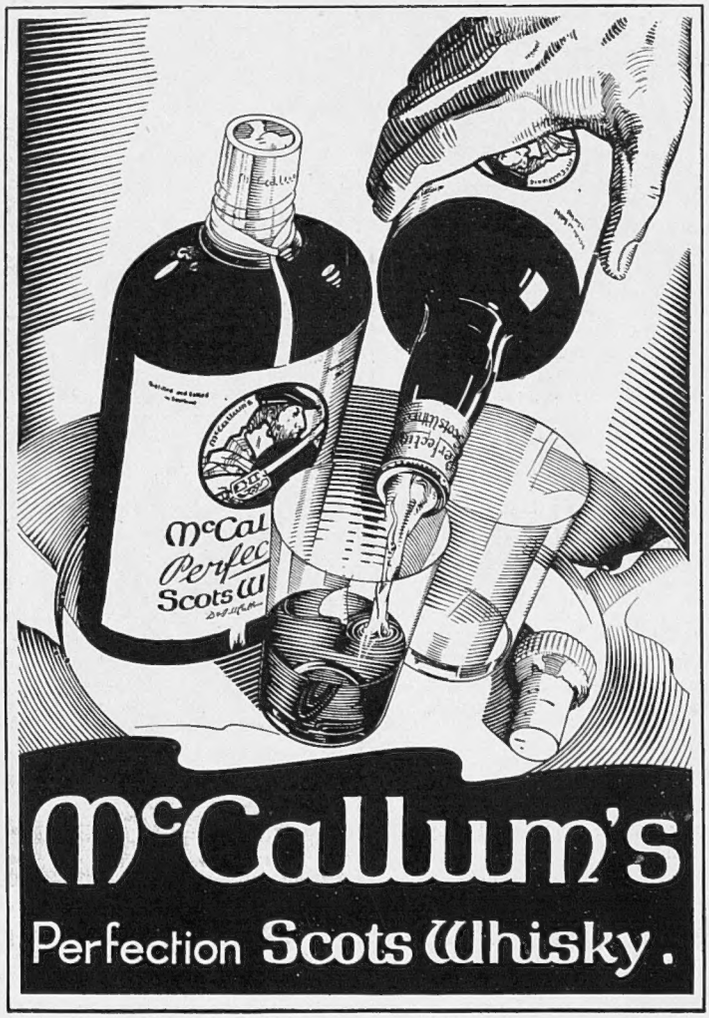

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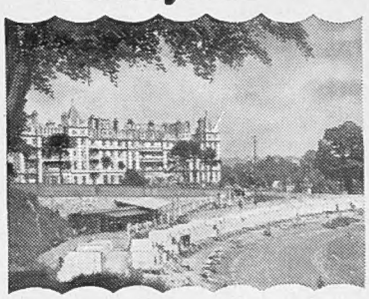

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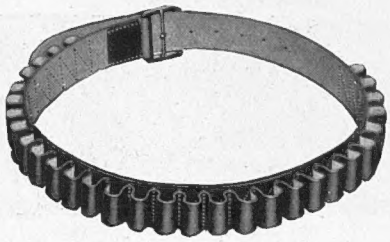

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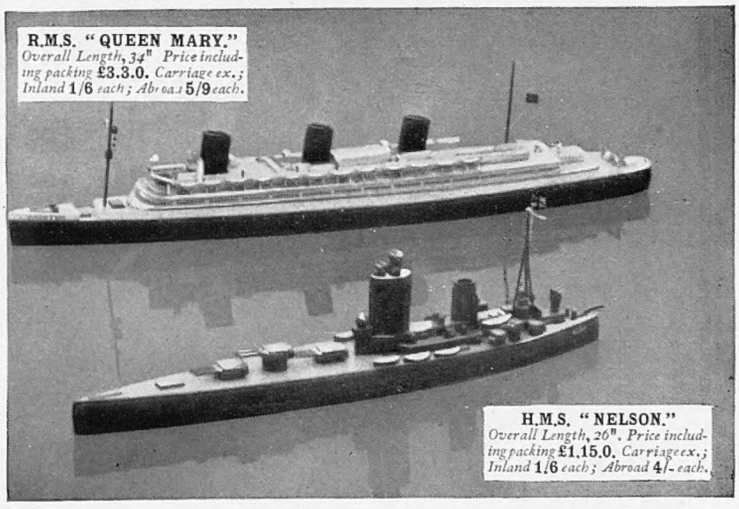

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